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A TOUR

THROUGH THE

PRINCIPAL PROVINCES

OF

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL,

PERFORMED IN THE YEAR 1803.

WITH

CURSORY OBSERVATIONS

ON THE MANNERS OF THE INHABITANTS.

“Half a word fixed upon or near the spot, is worth a cart-load of recollection.”
GRAY’S LETTERS.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY JAMES OSGOOD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT, 150 NASSAU ST. 1851

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THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
BY JAMES OSGOOD
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PREFACE.

THE following pages may claim the merit of extreme accuracy: they were written upon the spot, when the impressions they describe were strong and precise. The objects which they embrace are such as naturally present themselves to a person who travels through a country for amusement; and as every one has his particular taste for observation, they will not be found without novelty or interest, especially as it is some time since any authentic account has appeared of the interesting part of Europe which is the subject of them.

Cambridge, October 1805.

TOUR

IN

SPAIN, &c.

CHAP. I.

ARRIVAL AT BARCELONA.—THE PORT.—CATHEDRAL.—CUSTOM-HOUSE.—THEATRE.—EXPENCES OF A JOURNEY TO VALENTIA.—THE KING'S VISIT TO BARCELONA IN 1802.—VILLAS.—ACADEMY OF ARTS.—MONJOICH CANNON-FOUNDRY.—PALACE OF COMMERCE.

ON the 22d of May 1803, we arrived in the road of Barcelona, after a passage of five days from Genoa.

23. As we proceeded to the stairs in the harbour, the first view of the city particularly struck us; by its neatness, and the novelty of the houses contiguous to the port, the greater part of which are new. A large building, the Tribunal of Commerce, stands in front; and the whole scene is exceedingly pleasing, though it exhibit little or nothing of magnificence. The great quay, however, is a noble work, by far the grandest I have seen any where: it was crowded with people; whose cleanliness, bustle, and costume, surprised and delighted us. The appearance here is really more striking than I can describe; every body is in motion, and industry busy in every street.

Having secured apartments at *Ios cuatro naciones*, a new inn, we began our walk through the town. The cathedral is a small but venerable Gothic building. The cloister planted with orange-trees, and surrounded by chapels, many of which have old armour, swords, and shields, suspended over their altars, is a fit introduction to such an edifice. But the church itself with its spiral stalls, "chaunted mass," gloomy aisles, and "dim religious light" struggling through a few rich windows, and resting at last upon the gilt traces of a high-wrought Gothic altar, carried me more forcibly than any thing I can remember into the darkest ages of monkish devotion. The Catholic ceremonies are fine only in their edifices; the effect of this altar to me, who had just landed from the tawdry

“*cramped Grecian*” * spectacles of Italy, the idea of its having remained in the same state for ages, and that it has never been profaned by French violence, struck me with a mingled sensation of reverence and satisfaction.—From this we proceeded into the world again; and at the custom-house, a solid, handsome, though not architecturally beautiful building, were present at the examination of our trunks, which was performed with great civility by an officer who was well acquainted with the English, French and Italian languages. He inspected all my books, one of which was the common-prayer; he read the title-page aloud, and returned it to me. The bustle of business in the custom-house is very great; and the strictness with which the baggage of travellers is generally examined, has been much complained of. In the evening we visited the theatre: as it begins as early as five o’clock, the Spanish comedy was over when we arrived; but we were in time for the ballet. The theatre is not very large: it is tolerably well constructed; but though neat in the extreme, is miserably deficient in decorations. It has three tiers of boxes and a gallery: a plain white curtain, festooned on a yellow ground; the stage boxes have pilasters adorned with brown arabesks; in the centre of the house is suspended a mean lamp; but the general effect, from its extreme neatness and cleanliness, is not displeasing. The exterior bears the date of 1776. We were best entertained with the ballet *Matilda di Orsino*, a bustling Spanish story. The scenery was new, well managed, and appropriate; the palace-view was better executed than any scene I have witnessed since I left Paris; the landscapes but indifferent. The dancers are all Italians; but the whole was conducted without extravagance or absurdity, after the French taste. We had only the *gusto Italiano* for five minutes at the end, when three twirling buffoes with white breeches made their appearance. The good taste which prevails in this department is owing to the first female dancer, La Perron, who received her education at Paris; she has considerable merit, and the actors are respectable. The orchestra is rather scanty. The house was by no means full; the company in the boxes were neatly dressed, and the audience in general quiet and well-behaved: the whole performance was finished at eight o’clock.

May 25. We began to think of preparing for our journey to Valentia; and for this purpose called upon M. —, to whom we had letters of introduction, to ask his advice. He received

* A very happy expression of Swinburne in his *Sicilian Tour*, to express the broken pediments, mangled entablatures, and reisticated pilasters, of the Italian churches. Borromini may be considered as the most successful master in the art of *crimping*.

us with the greatest kindness; and sent for the master of the mules to his house, that we might arrange fairly with him in his presence. We were astonished to find that it would cost us for the five mules requisite to carry us to Valentia by Montserrate (where we proposed stopping a day), eighty-five dollars. The mule-master informed us that we should be nine days on the road to Valentia, including the day to be spent on the mountain; and that we must pay him eight days for his return. The plan was not altogether comfortable, and we considered the charge too exorbitant to be complied with.

The king's visit to Barcelona last year, when the double marriage took place, is still the subject of conversation. The grandest scene on this occasion was, the three nights' procession representing the blessings of peace, and the ancient triumphs of Spanish history, particularly the eastern expeditions of the Catalans and Arragonese in the fourteenth century. The dresses are said to have been very splendid; but judging by the prints which are now sold, not much taste was displayed in the machines and decorations made use of in this festival. To discharge the expence, the town was laid under a contribution; an English merchant told us that his share amounted to seventy pounds. The king was a month on his road from Madrid, through Saragossa, and his retinue was like an army: upwards of eighty thousand persons, exclusive of the inhabitants of the city, were collected; and the Catalans felt a generous pride in observing that no accident or quarrel occurred, and no life was lost, notwithstanding the enmity subsisting between them and the Spaniards. This enmity is carried to such a height, that when it was proposed to strike a medal in honour of the king's visit, the academy of arts, of St. Fernando, at Madrid, were requested to superintend the execution; but this body, actuated by a most illiberal and unworthy spirit, endeavoured to excuse themselves, and made every possible delay; which so enraged the Catalans, that they withdrew the business from their hands, and entrusted it to their own academy. The medal was produced in a month; and remains a record rather of their loyal zeal, than of their ability in the fine arts. The prince of the peace appeared here in greater state than the king himself: he was lodged in the palace of commerce, and had a guard of honour daily mounted before his door.

We were surprised to find the bishop's palace not more considerable than most of the better sort of houses in the town. The present prelate is much esteemed, and we heard from the English residents here a very favourable character of the Spanish hierarchy. We observed among the middle and lower orders of people all that attention to religion which we expected. The booksellers' shops have an enormous proportion of theolo-

gical literature: hardly any door is without a print of the Virgin, or some other saint; and it is a common custom here to bow to a church in passing, when the bell is tolling.

About half-past-one we walked to the *maison de plaisance* of Mr. —, who had invited us to dinner: it was about two miles from the city. The whole surrounding country was sprinkled over with little boxes, generally consisting of a kitchen below, and above stairs a dining-room, a bed-room, or two, and an open arcade; principally places for retirement and relaxation, but hardly any of them large enough for receiving a family. In our way to Mr. —'s, we passed an ugly painted house, with four towers ending in short spires, built by a viceroy of Peru, who sent the plan over from that country; and it is said to be a specimen of the Peruvian style of architecture: nothing can be more frightful, and it appears very small for a viceroy of Peru. It stands close to the road, and is merely surrounded by a little garden.

After dinner we returned to Barcelona, which from the country has a pretty appearance, by a road bounded on each side by a hedge of lofty aloes. We were in time for the ballet, and the second act of the opera; which is performed twice a week by a company of Italians, at the same theatre already described, which is indeed the only one in the city: it was executed in a very creditable style, and the first female has considerable vocal powers. The house was extremely crowded. We visited the academy of arts, instituted in the palace of commerce, and supported in the most magnificent manner by the merchants of Barcelona. We were conducted through a long suite of apartments, in which seven hundred boys were employed in copying and designing: some of them, who display superior talents, are sent to Rome, and to the academy of St. Fernando, at Madrid; the others are employed in different lines by the merchants and manufacturers. The rooms are large and commodious; and are furnished with casts of celebrated statues, and every proper apparatus. We observed a few drawings of considerable merit, produced by the scholars: but the grand picture before us of "Liberality and Industry," amply rewarded our visit; and was the more striking to us, from having of late been continually accustomed to lament the traces of neglect and decay, so visibly impressed on every similar institution in the impoverished cities of Italy.

26. The fortress of Monjoich, which lies to the south of the city, is remarkably strong; particularly on the side looking towards Valentia; but it is believed that the principal object of the government in building it, was to keep the free spirit of the Catalans in subjection, by commanding the chief town of the

principality : it would require three thousand men to defend it against an enemy. The view of the city from the walls of the fortress is very complete. I cannot by any means allow that it contains a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants ; two-thirds of that number would accord better with its general appearance, and even then perhaps the amount would be over-rated. There is nothing of magnificence in this prospect ; any one who can imagine a pretty white town with a few ugly steeples rising out of it, backed by a range of hills which are sprinkled over with little pleasure-houses, will have an accurate idea of the general view of Barcelona. The prospect from Monjoich towards the south, is a fine plain, rich beyond description, through which the Llobregat flows into the sea, which it discolours to a great distance. This plain is terminated by hills ; and through an opening of these Montserrate is plainly discovered. The west side of the fortress is bounded by the sea, which washes the foot of the precipice on which it stands. In descending Monjoich, while we were meditating on its name, we observed a stone by the road-side, which had the remains of an Hebrew inscription ; but I could neither learn its history, nor that of the mountain. At the inn we found the master of the mules ; with whom we agreed for two good beasts and an attendant, to carry us to Montserrate on the following day. We are to pay four dollars for going, and the same for returning, for two mules ; and three dollars a-day for the time we choose to remain there.

The cannon-foundry at Barcelona is a magnificent establishment ; and as the workmen are kept constantly in employ, the store of artillery must be immense. An officer of the engineers shewed us the furnace with the brass prepared which is to be melted to-morrow : and afterwards carried us into the workshop ; where the operations of boring, scraping, polishing, and ornamenting the cannon, were going on with great alacrity. Another officer conducted us to the magazine of fire-arms, sufficient for a hundred and fifty thousand men ; all well kept, and shutters are making to preserve them more carefully. We were next shewn the department in which the gun-carriages, artillery-carts, &c. are manufactured : a considerable number of persons were preparing wood and iron for these purposes. This superb cannon-foundry is inferior only to that of Seville. When the king was here, several cannon were cast in his presence. We observed in the principal workshop an image of the Virgin, placed in a conspicuous station, with candles before her ; and the common prints of St. Francis and St. Anthony pasted up on almost every part of the walls of the manufactory.

The palace of the Tribunal of Commerce has precisely the appearance of an English town-hall or session-house of the last

century: the architecture, consisting of a front of four half-columns, and a pediment with the royal arms, is regular and neat, but perfectly insipid; it is the chief building in Barcelona. In its court are placed statues of Neptune, and the four quarters of the world, which are greatly admired in this city: the first is awkward in the design, and indifferently executed; the others are a most ludicrous confirmation of what we heard yesterday, that no women are suffered to be studied as models in the academy of Barcelona.

CHAP. II.

ROAD TO MONTSERRATE.—VALE OF THE LLOBREGAT.—
 MARTOREL.—ARCH OF HANNIBAL.—ASCENT OF THE
 MOUNTAIN.—THE CONVENT.—HERMITAGES.—A LEARN-
 ED SPANISH MONK.—MODERN MIRACLES.—THE HOLY
 IMAGE.—THE PRINCE OF THE PEACE.—FEAST OF THE
 HOLY GHOST.—DAYS OF INDULGENCE.—OFFICES OF THE
 MONKS.—RETURN THROUGH TERRASSA TO BARCELONA.

May 27. **A**T six o'clock this morning we mounted our mules, and set out on our excursion. We found the whole road enlivened by commerce and industry. The gardens which surround Barcelona are particularly striking; nothing can exceed their richness and fertility. At a considerable village where the manufacture of lace is carried on, we passed the Llobregat by a solid and handsome bridge: the view up and down the vale through which it glides, is rich and beautiful beyond description. Here the road divides into two, leading to Zaragosa and Valentia; we took the former, which brought us to the foot of the celebrated mountain; and we found it in tolerable order the whole way. The cultivation and fertility of the country surprised and delighted me. The plain of Capra only surpasses it by its pendant vines, but here the prospects are infinitely more various; hemp, corn almost ready for the sickle, vineyards, olive-groves, mulberries, and hedges of aloes, form the principal objects in the view. The Llobregat shews itself here and there; hills covered either with cultivation, or with woods of dwarf-pines, bound the landscape to the right and left; and Montserrate forms a grand back-ground for the picture. From the clearness of the atmosphere, it seemed but at a little distance, when it was twenty miles from us. The villages are remarkably clean: no heaps of filth as in Italy and Provence, no crowds of beggars; every one was employed; and the only mode of begging which the children practised, is to run out of the gardens and to offer you flowers. The present scene, and the prospect of Montserrate, gave us a very delightful day. In

a little village which we passed this morning, we bought some excellent bread and tolerable wine for our breakfast.

The approach to Martorel is highly picturesque ; especially when a turn of the road discovers at once the town and river, the bridge, and the arch of Hannibal. The learned have doubts respecting the origin of this remnant of antiquity ; some attribute it to Trajan : but the common people, with their usual decision, have given it the name of the Devil's Bridge. We found that it has been almost entirely renovated : it is very high ; and consists of three pointed arches, a great and two smaller ones. The arch of Hannibal, as it is called, stands on the side opposite the town : it is perfectly simple ; being merely an arch of large cut stones without cement, and the rest consisting of irregular stones cemented together. At an inn at Martorel we rested our mules and ourselves for an hour and a half ; we then pursued our journey through some groves of dwarf-pines, and a less cultivated country, to the foot of Montserrate. Here we found a small village, where we reposed a moment before we ascended. The ascent reminded me strongly of the Cornici coast road of the maritime Alps, between Nice and Genoa ; though there was no part so bad as to induce us to get off our mules and walk. The mountain is fine on the side towards the sea ; but it is in the style of the Derbyshire, and many other white rocks with green brushwood which I have seen, though on a much grander scale than any of them. We were at first disappointed at not finding it covered with spiral cones, as Thicknesse had drawn it : but we "wound our way" in silent expectation ; here and there observing an ancient stone cross, which proclaims the mountain to be a religious sanctuary. At length on turning a corner we behold the convent situated in a recess among the rocks, which rise into cones above it. The building is very unworthy of its place and destination ; it is too modern, and has more of the air of a manufactory than an abbey : taking it, however, in a general view, it is an awful and picturesque retreat. We prepared our letters, and advanced to the gate : all was silent, except the faintly heard Llobregat in the vale below ; the perpendicular rocks called our attention, and reminded us of some ancient castle with a hanging turret. The convent itself is a collection of houses, like a little town. We entered the gates about five o'clock ; and observed a solitary monk, as if returning from his walk : I bowed respectfully to him, and presented my letters ; he gave them back, coldly saying they were not for him. He entered the cloister ; and as I observed no one else, I followed him, and begged him to direct me to find the gentlemen to whom the letters were addressed : he grumbled a good deal in Catalan, and seemed perfectly out of humour ; when fortunately a servant

of the convent came up, took the letters, and conducted us to the chamber of father —, to whom one of them was an introduction. He received us civilly, and offered us wine and chocolate: he spoke pretty good French; which he said he had learnt from four bishops, who at the period of the revolution escaped from the south of France into this asylum. Almost the first inquiry which the monk made of us was, whether we were at war or not? After some conversation, he desired a servant to shew us an apartment; regretting exceedingly that, on account of the feast of the Holy Ghost (Whit-Sunday), we should be very badly lodged: he promised to call us to-morrow at four, and take us round the mountain. Our beds were what the monk had taught us to expect; but the sheets were clean, and we were so fatigued that we did not complain of any little inconvenience.

28. At four o'clock we were roused by a knocking at our door: father — was ready to attend us; we therefore hastily dressed ourselves, and followed him up the mountain. He had provided us with long sticks, which we found not only useful but necessary. The scene we beheld on leaving the convent-gate was magnificent; we were absolutely on a level with the sun, and the whole vale below us was a vast sea of white clouds. After ascending the hill a little farther, a new and most romantic prospect broke upon us: we beheld at one view fourteen out of the thirteen hermitages, and the convent in its rocky recess beneath. The hermitages immediately above the convent have an effect more picturesque than can be well imagined; while those of St. Jago, St. Juan, and St. Oposse, seem to grow to the cones, and have a most extraordinary appearance: all of them, but particularly these last, seem inaccessible. The mountain rises perpendicularly, but nature has left room for terraces: it has two crowns of cones, or bolsters; one immediately over the monastery, and the other where the hermitages which I have just mentioned are situated, and to which we now proceeded. The first we gained was St. Jago, the residence of a hermit from Grenada: he prepared us a little chocolate, which we thought to be a very insufficient breakfast, not knowing the hospitable dispositions of the other hermits. This cottage, like all the others, consisted of a little chapel, a passage, a sitting-room, a study, a workshop, and a kitchen: these are of different sizes in different hermitages; but the number of rooms is always the same, except indeed that in some instances the study and the sitting-room are in one. His books were, as might be expected, writings and lives of saints; the *Mistica Condad di Dios* I observed in all. The workshop is for making crosses to employ time, and to give to pilgrims.

We now proceeded to St. Catherine, which is situated below ; and then mounted to St. Inan and St. Onosse, which grow together on the side of a cone : in the former is preserved a bone of John the Baptist, which is the only relic to be found among the hermitages. We now ascended still higher, to St. Madeline, where we were refreshed with some wine and bread. Above this is the highest accessible peak of this part of the mountain. We climbed to it ; and, after enjoying the extensive prospect, returned to the cell of S. Madelina : then descending a flight of steps between two cones, called Jacob's Ladder, we came into the valley which runs along the summit of the mountain ; this is a perfect shrubbery, and the cones are even here in the most grotesque shapes. The southern crown is called the organ, from its resemblance to a number of pipes. The day was particularly warm ; and notwithstanding the prodigious height, we were scarcely once refreshed by a breath of air during our whole walk. At the end of this valley, on an eminence, stands the hermitage of St. Jerome, which is the most remote and highest of them all : it is not at present inhabited, but a young man is in training for that purpose. Near this is the most lofty station of the whole mountain : on it stands a little chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and the care of which devolves to the hermit of St. Jerome ; it has lately been blasted by lightning, which did not fail to remind us of the exclamation of Lucretius. After much fatigue we seated ourselves on this lofty pinnacle, and surveyed the country round. We are here almost too high to see the traces of cultivation, so that the whole province has the appearance of a hilly desert : indeed the land is not fertile, except in the vale through which the Llobregat flows ; but the vast industry of the inhabitants has done every thing that is possible. A stranger is principally struck by the want of towns, especially in that part towards the Pyrenees. The real character of the country, when viewed from a moderate height, is hilly, and a great part of it cultivated ; but patches of barren lands, and woods of olives and pines, are every where visible. The winding of the Llobregat, and the grand outline of the snowy Pyrenees are the distinguishing features of the prospect.

Barcelona is concealed by the intervention of a mountain. The largest town we see is Manrerar, on the road to Laragona. Thicknesse is wrong in supposing that any part of Valentia can be discovered from this height ; since it is a flat country, and lies behind the hills of Catalonia. Majorca and Minorca are often discerned from the convent at sunset.

The Pyrenees are neither so lofty nor so irregular as I had expected : they bear a considerable resemblance to the coast of Corsica, which I have lately seen. Just below the eminence

on which we stand, is the northern extremity of the rock; perfectly inaccessible, and appearing as if sawn asunder in many parts. We descended once more into the mountain valley, and then climbed to the hermitage of St. Antonio, the smallest of them all; we were refreshed here by an omelet, and our guide rested himself while the hermit conducted us to a spot where the echo is heard four times: the approach is difficult and dangerous; but we arrived at it, and called to many of our friends, whose names were four times re-echoed among the rugged peaks of the mountain. Having rejoined the monk at the door of the hermitage, we descended towards St. Trinidad, where we were to dine. We first however visited St. Salvador; and were shewn a rent in the rock, which the Benedictine informed us was supposed to have been caused by the convulsion of nature at the passion of Christ, but that this was by no means certain. "St. Cyril, of Alexandria," he gravely proceeded, "describes the ravages of this convulsion; and mentions that they were traced in his day, both in Italy and Catalonia." I told him that I had seen the rent rock of Terracina.

We arrived at St. Trinidad at three o'clock, being warm and fatigued: this is the largest of the hermitages, and was built originally for a pleasure-house for the convent; it has two stories, is placed at a commanding extremity of the rock, and has a pretty green inclosure behind it. The hermit had prepared us a handsome repast, though he had been somewhat restrained by its being a fast-day: he set before us salt fish, an olio of rice, an omelet, some tunny, and a Dutch cheese; and waited on us while we were at table.—We rested ourselves here for two hours, and then proceeded to the rest of the hermitages. The first we came to was St. Benito, where the mountain-vicar lives; he was the only recluse whose beard was shaved. Afterwards we walked to St. Helena and St. Demas; and at length to St. Ann, which was the last object of our peregrination. The situation of this being more central than the others, it is the church to which the hermits descend twice a week to be confessed, and receive the sacrament from the mountain-vicar. We now came down a very steep stair-case into the convent garden; and at seven o'clock entered, perfectly tired, the room of our friendly guide.

This day's expedition was as romantic as the fancy could wish, and curiosity was entirely satisfied; but still the spectacle with which, at a distance, my imagination has frequently been delighted, excited very different sensations when I was obliged to contemplate the reality. If enthusiasts are to be pitied, how much more so all they who, without being so, are condemned to lead the lives of enthusiasts? The hermits of Montserrat are

probably quiet men who, upon the whole, consider this mode of passing their existence preferable to active industry. In my walk round the mountain this morning, I did not surprize one of them at his books, or at his prayers. I saw many of them happy in being able to snatch a short conversation with the labourer who was digging their garden: they all laughed and talked with father —, inquiring eagerly whether it was peace or war; and followed us to the very verge of their prescribed limits, to catch the last words of our conductor. Their garden indeed must be their pleasantest occupation. What delight can ignorant men have in books? and *such* books! None of them are priests except the mountain-vicar, and one who lives in an hermitage (which we did not see) where the sacred image was discovered. Provisions are carried to them twice a week, but on all great festivals they descend to the convent.

The sensations which these men inspired, partook infinitely more of pity than romance; and the conversations which I had with father —, did not at all tend to improve my opinion of these holy retreats. He united to great kindness and simplicity a considerable store of reading, all the credulity of the tenth century, and a great deal of its bigotry. His reading had been that of a Spanish *savant* (indeed I had been introduced to him in that character): he had perused a great number of historical works, the outlines of philosophy, very few of the classics, and an enormous number of ecclesiastical legends; of the latter he firmly believed every thing, though on other subjects he appeared sufficiently enlightened. He entertained enthusiastic hopes of the triumph of the Roman-catholic religion: which, he said, was daily spreading in South and North America; and that the new Emperor of China had given permission to the Spanish clergy of the Philippine Isles to preach the gospel there; that the Grand Seignior had agreed to the institution of a Latin bishop at Smyrna; and he did not fail to hint, with a significant nod, that we had a catholic connection in England, and that a clever king could do what he pleased with his parliament. He assured me that by the zeal of the jesuits, and latterly of the capuchins, the king of Spain had thirty millions of subjects in America. He complained bitterly against the king's ministers; who, he said, oppressed the clergy in every possible way: the mendicant orders were no longer permitted to send their letters free; and he maintained, that the king took forty *per cent.* from all ecclesiastical benefices. He heard with indifference, perhaps with contempt, my favourable report of the state of religion in England; and soon after took an opportunity of venting his anger at the Reformation, in a great many obvious reflections on the character of Henry the Eighth. He was more acquainted with

the political state of Europe than I expected : but though he could talk upon most subjects, *the monk* shone out in all ; yet the mildness and simplicity of his manners were very pleasing. He related to me in a serious and impressive manner, the history of the sacred image which was found in a cave at Montserrat in the ninth century ; and the workmanship of which was, as usual, recognised to be that of St. Luke*. It was carried towards Zaragoza, but at Manreza it became immovable : a sign which was readily understood by the clergy ; who carried the figure back again to the mountain, which was immediately given them, and a convent endowed on it by the count of Barcelona. He mentioned with great pleasure the respect in which the Spanish bishops were held, and their indefatigable residence ; “ One bishop,” said he, “ of Galicia†, who has the see of Orense, is the most holy of them all : it is reported that he has performed miracles, and indeed I believe it ; for I remember him when I was at college at Salamanca, and he was then already a saint !” I could not have conceived that so much ancient prejudice and modern knowledge could have united in one mind ; but this is the effect of the inquisition, which still selects and regulates the literature of Spain‡. Among the stories with which the monk amused

* The famous Lady of Loretto, and many other Madonas painted or sculptured, claim St. Luke for their author ; and indeed so high is his reputation as an artist in Italy, that several even of the best masters have represented him with an easel before him. The idea, however, is founded on a very accountable mistake. The rage for relics and church-decorations which succeeded the establishment of christianity by Constantine, gave employment to a number of artists, among whom one Lucas of Constantinople was the most eminent ; it is even said that he obtained the appellation of saint from only the edifying use which he made of his talents. In process of time, when his works had acquired the rust of antiquity, they were naturally mistaken by ignorance and credulity for the works of the evangelist, and as such, in the eighth century, many of them were carefully transported from Greece into Italy, to avoid the fury of the Iconoclasts. It is needless to add, that imposition took advantage of this error, and has attached the name of St. Luke to almost every remains of religious painting or sculpture of the early ages.

† This bishop was Don Pedro de Quevedo y Quintano ; from what I could learn respecting the miracles attributed to this prelate, I believe that they are all, (according to Paley’s expression) of the *ten tative* kind, and consist in recovering sick persons from dangerous illnesses by means of prayer and intercession—in this the bishop may be equally deceived with his flock, which is most probable, since I understand he is a man of the greatest piety, and totally given up to the affairs of religion. His palace at Orense is a perfect picture of the simplicity of the early church. He passes his time in the active duties of his office, always dines alone, and during his meal hears the scriptures read to him by a deacon. He resides constantly on his diocese, where he enjoys so high a reputation, that he is certain of being ranked among their saints after his death.

‡ Papers are published from time to time by the inquisition, containing

me during my stay at Montserrat, one was very remarkable; and it is interesting, as it relates to the Prince of the Peace. When the court were at Barcelona, the king, accompanied by this upstart minister, made a visit to the convent, the members of which went out to receive him with due respect; but an uncle of the Prince of the Peace, who was one of the most ancient and venerable of the fraternity, to mark the abhorrence with which he held the profligacy of his nephew, instead of joining the procession retired into a remote part of the mountain, and continued there till the royal party had left the convent.

As we returned from Father ——'s chamber to our lodgings, we found the yard and the cloisters of the monastery full of peasants, who had arrived to celebrate the feast of the Holy Ghost in this sanctuary. They were all in their holiday apparel, and seemed to consider it a great festival: some had brought their own provisions; others purchased them at a shop which was instituted for the purpose in the abbey, and made little fires to cook them. At night they made their beds all round the cloister, which served also as a stable for their mules.

Whit-Sunday, 29th. We were awakened early this morning by the bustle of visitors assembled from the neighbouring country. At seven we breakfasted in the cell of Father ——. He told us that we were too late for an *office*, which had been sung at four o'clock that day by the choristers; but at half past eight the brotherhood would sing *thirds*. At this hour we attended in the church, which the monk told us was respected as much as any in Christendom, even those at Rome. It is a dismal building of the age of Philip II., ornamented with flowers richly gilt. The choir is a raised gallery above the door; and the precincts of the altar are divided from the nave by a high iron grating. A vast number of silver lamps, given and maintained by the piety of individuals, are suspended within this enclosure. Above the altar the celebrated sacred image glittered in all its finery. *Thirds* were sung, accompanied by the organ; after which the monks descended, and made a procession, singing round the cloister. Upon their return to the church, high mass was chanted; the organ, and a band of fiddles, bassoons, &c. alternately accompanied, and a more lively selection of opera music was probably never heard. During this the people seemed to be engaged in private prayer: those that knelt had their eyes fixed on the Virgin, and were evidently in earnest supplication. After the

new lists of prohibited books, which are pasted against every church door throughout the kingdom; the last came out in March 1801. I carried away one of them, by which I afterwards discovered, from an inscription at the bottom of it, that I had incurred the penalty of the *greater excommunication*.

hermits had received the communion, the high mass was finished; *sixths* were immediately sung, and the whole business of the morning was over about half past eleven. Upon leaving the church, a general confusion took place to prepare dinner; and it was not without considerable exertion that the day did not turn out to us a perfect fast. At half past four o'clock we rejoined Father —— in the sacristy; and here he shewed us the treasures of the convent, which is now the richest in the world. The chief relics are, a bone of John the Baptist; some wood of the cross; two thorns from Christ's crown, one of which had its point bloody; the bodies of several African bishops who fled from the Vandals into Sardinia, &c.

The treasury contains a vast number of diamonds and precious stones, formed into the most tasteless ornaments. The large crown of the Virgin is the richest and ugliest of them all. A good cameo of Medusa's head, and a large opal, have been attempted to be purchased by many English travellers. These are kept in a passage leading to the sacristy, to which any one may have access; and a very common lock and key is their only protection except the Virgin, who, our conductor told us loudly before the people, was the surest safeguard. When we had seen these, he led us up a narrow staircase into three little oratories: that in the middle has a door which opens into the niche where Nostra Senora di Montserrat is placed. After a curtain had been dropped between the lady and the church, and two or three candles lighted, we were permitted to approach the venerable image. The wood of which it is made, is perfectly black from age. The countenances of the mother and the child are without meaning; but the expression is not, as I have seen it in some objects of devotion, absurd or ridiculous. The crown of the Virgin is superb, but in the most barbarous taste: it was made by a monk at Lima, and is studded all over with large emeralds. The image is about six feet high. F—— told us that it was not presumed to know of what wood it is made; and gravely added, that a painter who wished to give a natural colour to its African visage, was instantly struck blind for his audacity. As we were walking in the convent garden this afternoon, whence Father —— pointed out to us a road by which we might return to Barcelona, I resolved, before I parted with a man so well versed in catholic history and ceremonies, to enquire of him of the days of indulgence granted by his church. He told me that it was the usage of the primitive church to impose a penance of a certain number of days, months, and years, upon those who were guilty of what are denominated mortal sins; such as adultery, murder, sacrilege, &c.: but when the delinquent manifested a great feeling of penitence, the term of his penance was abridged.

a certain number of days, which were called *days of indulgence*. These penances were instituted to wipe off the offences in this world, which must otherwise be expiated in purgatory. At present the church has left off inflicting such punishments, and in consequence sinners are referred to a future state for their sufferings; but the pope, to whom the keys of heaven and hell are given, possesses the same power to abridge the term of penance in the next as he has in the present world, which privilege he still exercises, and upon certain conditions (such as confession and penitence) delivers to sinners indulgences both limited and plenary; but the pope only can confer to churches the power of granting *plenary indulgences*. Bishops may grant forty*, and archbishops eighty days; but several prelates may subscribe their quotas, and make up an inviting number, as we see in the common paper pasted on almost every door in Catalonia: “Ave Maria potissima sin peccato concebida,” with the promise that whoever devoutly repeats these words gains one thousand two hundred and sixty days of indulgence. Any one who visits the church of Montserrat once in a year, is confessed, and receives absolution, gains a plenary indulgence. Such is the explanation which I received of these frequent inscriptions, “Indulgenza plenaria, quotidiana toties quoties,” which had so often excited my curiosity in Italy.

After taking leave of Father —— with every expression and feeling of gratitude, we returned to our apartment. In our way thither we observed the holiday-peasantry eagerly employed in purchasing ribands, crosses, rosaries, and rings, from a shop in the convent; and we have since scarcely seen a common man or woman without some such amulet, particularly the rings.

The monastery of Montserrat was founded, as I have before mentioned, in the ninth century, by the count of Barcelona; it is of the Benedictine order, which has been reformed into many different congregations. This is the congregation of Val-

* There is evidence of this custom in St. George's chapel, at Windsor. A missal was formerly placed in one of the arches of the nave, which still retains the following inscription in Gothic characters: “Who lyde this Booke here? The Reverend Fader in God, Richard Beauchamp, bishop of this diocess of Sarysbury. And wherefore? To this intent, that preests and ministers of Goddis church may here have the occupation thereof, saying divine service: and for alle other that lysten to sey thereby the devotyon, as heth he any spiritual nede: yee as moche as our Lord lyst to reward him his good intent, praying every man whose dute or devotiou is eased by this booke, they will say for him thys commune oryson, Domine Jesu Christe, knelyng in the presence of this holy crosse; for the wyche the reverend fader in God aboveseyd hath granted of the tresure of the church to every man 40 dayes of pardon.”

Richard Beauchamp lived in the reign of Edward IV.

ladolid. The convent consists of eighty monks, all priests, who have thirty converts or lay-brothers to wait upon them. The choristers form a third, and the hermits a fourth, division of the body. Each monk has three or four rooms, from the windows of which the view of the rocks and the Llobregat is as delightful as possible. A new abbot is chosen every four years. Their offices are as follows: at twelve at night they sing *matins*, and immediately after *lauds*; at six *prime*, afterwards *chapter*; at nine *tiers*; after this grand mass, and immediately *sixths*. They dine about eleven. Upon leaving the refectory they proceed to *nones*; vespers at half past two; and complin in summer at five; in winter earlier. After complin, silence is to be observed. They retire to bed about eight. Their library, though considerable, is notwithstanding one of the worst collections that I ever saw. Spanish divinity without end. The only English book that I observed was *Anglia Sacra*, by Wharton: the humanity class very scanty. In the evening the visitors and pilgrims became very jovial, singing and dancing with great glee; some were excessively drunk: but what surprised me still more, was a party of tradesmen from Barcelona, who kept me awake half the night by roaring out deep nasal tones in imitation of the monks singing at mass.

30. We wished to continue our route this morning at four, but the convent gates were not opened till six. A vast crowd of peasants departed with us, carrying boughs of the trees which grow on the mountains; others remained to keep up the festival. Our guide decorated his fingers with rings bought in the convent. We descended by a steep and dangerous road, which obliged us to walk the greater part of the way to Monestrol, a village at the base of the mountain, belonging to the convent: its original name was *Monstrulum*, from some small religious edifice which formerly existed there. At present it has a church with ten residentiary priests—an enormous number for so insignificant a town: it took us three quarters of an hour to arrive here. We passed the Llobregat, and proceeded by an irregular pathway towards Vacarisas: we preferred this return that we might, in a general view, see the interesting face of the mountain which Thicknesse has represented; but our observations did not all tend to confirm his accuracy. Instead of the dark effect which he has given it, Montserrate appears perfectly white; and the rocks, which are more like bolsters than spires, are made too spiring and pointed in his print.

Montserrate has three sides: that towards Barcelona (the north-east) is bold and rugged, but by no means extraordinary; the face it presents on the west side, towards Vacarisas, is more striking. The mountain here appears to have been built up per-

pendicularly, and to have received from the hand of nature two crowns of cones and bolsters; other fantastic pinnacles arise in other parts, but these two form the prominent features. Between them the mountain retires, and leaves a convenient sheltered recess for the monastery, a little more than half way up its side. In this view also the greater number of the hermitages are seen; they are all defended by their situation from the north wind. The rock is white, composed of myriads of pebbles and small stones apparently cemented together: every side of it appears dignified, and embellished with shrubs. It stands alone in an hilly country; and attracts the eyes as well as the devotion of the seamen of Barcelona, and the whole province of Catalonia. The most stupendous prospect, however, which this mountain exhibits, is on the road to Villa-franca. Its extraordinary length, and magnificent irregularity, are there seen with every possible advantage, and the most imposing effect. Its height is probably not much more than two thousand feet, but it appears loftier from the low hills by which it is surrounded. At a peasant's house (for we passed Vacarisas to the left) we obtained some tolerable bread and wine; which, with the addition of two excellent omelets, gave us the unexpected pleasure of a good breakfast. The heat now began to be excessive; so that while we were almost melted, we shuddered at the prospect of the southern provinces. The land is almost every where cultivated in corn and vines; but though it is by no means fertile, the groves of dwarf pines seem to be the only interruption to the labours of the peasant. The vines are at present short and without support; the precision of their arrangement, and the tender green colour of their leaves, render them a pretty object in the landscape. We pursued our track through several clean white villages, without beggars, to Teressa, where we were glad to refresh and repose ourselves during the heat of mid-day. The peasants of Catalonia have a curious mode of drinking: the wine-bottles are made somewhat in the form of a tea-pot; by means of a tube they spout the wine into their mouths at a little distance, and are very adroit in this clean custom. I have seen half a dozen peasants at dinner, who have handed round the bottle during the whole meal without once touching the spout with their lips; the water-vessels are made for the same practice. This mode of drinking is ancient and classical, as may be seen in the frescoes of Herculaeum.

From Tarassa we continued our route to Savandell, resting an hour by the way: these are rather neat towns, and contain cloth-manufactories. It being holiday time, we met a vast many peasants on the road in their best clothes; and we had fresh occasion to admire this fine race of clean and industrious people. We

passed a mountain covered with white goats and sheep : the latter are most of them black with small horns, and their appearance is very lean and scraggy. After riding through the lively village of St. Andreol, we found ourselves in the fertile and populous vicinity of Barcelona. The city, backed by Montjuick, has a pretty look on this side ; and though it was impossible for us, whose eyes had been so lately feasted with the charms of Naples and Genoa, to be struck with the villas of Barcelona, yet returning from monastic solitude, they delighted us extremely. We hastened lest we should be too late for the gates, which are always shut at eight o'clock.

Our journey to-day has been at least forty miles, and a bad road ; but I earnestly advise any traveller who wishes to be pleased and surprised by Montserrat, to prefer it to the other (through Martorel) : by this means he will receive his first impression from a most interesting general view of the mountain, and his curiosity will thus be sharpened instead of checked. It is ten miles further, and the road is worse ; but it is all to be done in a day.

We found the Rambla (the parade of Barcelona) crowded by all the middle orders of the citizens ; men, women, priests, and monks. It was the double holiday of Whit-Monday and Saint Rempands. After the opera, about thirty carriages moved in procession : they were generally shabby, both as to the vehicle and the equipage ; and many were of the ancient square form. The general's (which was preceded by two dragoons) and that of the governor, were in the Parisian fashion : the harness of both was handsome, and decorated with silver ; the latter had plumes on the horses' heads.

31st. As we were determined to set out at all events for Valentia to-morrow, we sent for a master-muleteer, and agreed with him for two volantes, which were to perform the journey in seven days. The distance is fifty-five leagues, about two hundred and twenty miles ; and we are to pay twenty-four dollars for each carriage. On our calling at the banker's, he presented us with the king's declaration of war, dated the 16th. Though prepared to expect such an event, yet we were a little confounded ; but it still more increased our anxiety to set out for Madrid.

 CHAP. III.

ENVIRONS OF BARCELONA.—PLAIN OF VILLA-FRANCA.—ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—PARRAGONA.—LATE ARCHBISHOP.—SAN CARLOS.—BARREN TRACT.—CASTLE OF ALMENARA.—PLAIN OF VALENCIA.—SAGUNTUM.—VALENCIA.—THE THEATRE.

June 1. **W**E left Barcelona about seven in the morning; and at the gates were obliged, as usual, to see the custom-house officers. The neat and fertile gardens, and the rich vale of Llobregat, attracted as much admiration as our former journey to Montserrat. The hedges of fine lofty aloes, which are seen in every cultivated part of Catalonia, are perhaps one of its most remarkable features. Soon after we passed the Llobregat, which is almost dried up, we came into a dull country of hills covered with dwarf-pines. At twelve o'clock we arrived at a venta, not very dirty, where we remained till three, during the heat of the day; here we procured some omelets and wine. After dinner the same uninteresting landscape accompanied us for the greater part of the way; the road however is excellent, raised and bricked up at the sides. In one place an attempt has been made to throw a bridge with two ranges of arches across a small valley, to shorten the route; but it has failed, from want of skill in the architect. Near it is building a country-seat for a rich citizen of Barcelona, which I mention as it is a novelty and a curiosity in Spain to see a villa really in the country. Cultivation began to shew itself here and there. Towards the evening at length the rich and picturesque plain of Villa-franca opened on us, and closed the prospects of the day. It is an irregular piece of ground, generally clothed with vineyards, barley, hemp, &c. but not entirely cultivated; having pine-groves which intersect the fields in different parts, and add infinitely to the beautiful variety of the scene. The great object, however, which attracts and absorbs all our attention, is the fine blue spiral mass of Montserrat. I had no idea of its length, and of its magnificent irregularity, till this view was set before me: it is more striking and surprising than any thing I ever beheld.

We arrived, about eight o'clock, at a good posada in Villa-franca, which is kept by an Italian, having performed only seven leagues (twenty-eight miles) in the whole day's journey. We vi-

sited the cathedral; but it was too dark to examine the interior. Externally it has the air of a large English country church; plain, with buttresses, a tower, and a short spire. The town is neat, and contains many shops; the houses are of plaister, well white-washed. We supped in company with several other travellers, who were all eager for our news concerning the war. The repast was a perfect banquet, and gave a deceitful specimen of the fare at Spanish inns: and as this was unique, I will insert an account of it. The company were eight in number: our first course consisted of fish, stewed beef, and stewed pigeons; the second a leg and loin of a kid, salad, three chickens, peas, and burnt cream: for our share of this and our beds, &c. we were only charged three pesettas (thirty pence) each. A curious affray took place after supper. As the muleteers and the females of the inn were familiarly conversing in a balcony at the end of the room, the noise they made so enraged a German of the company, that after frequently commanding silence, he seized the foremost of the men, and attempted to force him out of the room: this, however, the other indignantly resisted; and in a furious passion, snatched up half a dozen plates from the side-table, to fling at his adversary, to whose aid I advanced and wrested the plates out of his hand. After a great deal of quarrelling (in which all the strangers spoke their own language, and the females resolutely took the muleteers' part) the intruders left the room grumbling, and we retired to rest.

2. We set out this morning at half past four o'clock; and as we left the vale of Villa-franca, gave a parting look of admiration to the pinnacles of Montserrate. The country through which we proceeded, was cultivated though not very fertile. The few villages we saw were neat; and, like the others of Catalonia, bespoke the industry of their inhabitants: in one of them we breakfasted on oranges, bread, and wine. Soon afterwards we came to a Roman arch, of no beauty except the colour of the stone: it has two Corinthian pilastres on each side the aperture, and a light entablature. The traces of the inscription are almost entirely obliterated. It is supposed to have been the ancient entrance into the Campus Terraconensis, but I think without any probability. The common people, as usual, refer it to the time of the Moors. The posada where we stopped during the heat of the day, afforded us some excellent mutton-chops, salt fish, and salad, for which we were charged four pesettas. After dinner we passed several pine groves; in one of which, by the road side, stands a monument of the same-coloured stone as the arch which I have just mentioned: it is plain, without dignity or grace. In the middle of the front next to the sea, are two figures in relievo of mourning warriors, considerably defaced, and very moderately designed. At the

upper part is an inscription, of which only a few words are now legible. It is called the tomb of the Scipios (the father and the uncle of Scipio Africanus). The probability of this, or perhaps the idea altogether, has arisen from their having both been killed in Spain; and from the first word, which seems to have been Cornelio, particularly as we know Cornelius was the name of one of them.

The slowness of our vehicle, and the prospect of having five more days to travel, and even then to be but half-way to Madrid, began at this moment to dismay me greatly; but my attention was soon called off from these considerations by the rich plain, and picturesque little city, of Tarragona. In this fertile spot the harvest of barley, rye, and oats, was begun; and we admired, as we passed along, the numerous broad luxuriant fig-trees which grew among the corn-fields.

Tarragona stands upon a rocky elevation, and has the remains of ancient fortifications surrounding it with a pleasing irregularity. A few old buildings, and the tower of the cathedral, rise above them; so that it had all the appearance of a town of the thirteenth century, and after entering we might still continue the delusion. It is every where dirty and ill-built, and swarms with monks and priests. To our great surprise, the muleteer informed us that there was no posada where we could sleep, but that we must continue our journey into the country for another hour:—an archiepiscopal city without an inn, on the high-road between Valencia and Barcelona! We had just time to visit the cathedral; which is peculiarly interesting, since its date is ascertained: and it affords a proof that the same change, from the round to the pointed arch, took place in Spain during the twelfth century, as we know it assumed at the same era in our own country. The building is, in general, plain and massive; but the lantern and stalls, which are of a later date, are rich and beautiful.

The archbishop, Don Francisco Armana, is just dead. He was a man of such eminent sanctity, that when the king visited the town in his return from Barcelona, and the prelate knelt to kiss his hand, the king begged him to rise, and said, “It is I, reverend father, who must ask that favour of you.” Then turning to his family, he said, “Behold a saint of an archbishop! I desire you will all follow my example.”

We had neither time nor inclination to search for the traces of ancient Tarraco. Upon leaving the city, which is even more picturesque on this side than on the other, we again descended into the Campo Tarragonés, which is equal in richness and beauty to Campania itself. It is surrounded by an amphitheatre of blue mountains, and is filled with corn and vines: these are planted in stripes, like variegated ribands; the corn in the middle,

edged on each side with a row of green vines. Fig and olive-trees are every where frequent, high aloes skirt the road, and several villages are prettily interspersed in the landscape. After jolting for three quarters of an hour over a bad road, we arrived at Santa Seraphina, a solitary *venta*, at half past eight. This *venta* (for it is impossible to translate the word), like all the others which I have seen, is built over a stable, and has a public sitting-room with a few bed-rooms opening into it; the former emitted a most offensive smell, and was embellished in different places with piles of pigeons' dung. Mounting a ladder to see, as we thought, an upper chamber, we found a large pigeon-house; so that, even if we had received no other assurances, we might have been certain that the house was well stored with fleas. None of the rooms have any windows; the air and the light are equally excluded by wooden shutters. Indeed I do not wonder that Fischer advises travellers rather to brave the August suns of Andalusia, than to pass long winter nights in these solitary and comfortless hovels. Our sheets were clean; and we however had every advantage of a light supper.

We departed, as usual, at half past four o'clock; passing for some time through a cultivated and rather fertile country, which at length changed to an absolute desert. We proceeded lamentably slow over an indifferent road; and passed Hospitalet, a *venta* near the ruins of a fort on the sea-coast. Here we observed a patrol of soldiers setting out on the same route as ourselves; which exciting our inquiries, we found that we were approaching a district frequented by banditti. The soldiers were returning to their station, which was the house where we stopped to dine in the middle of the day, and where they arrived long before us. It was near twelve before we came to this lonely mansion, which is built against the tower and walls of an ancient castle. It afforded some fish (sardines) and an omelet; and we rested in it till three o'clock, when we again set forward. The road was excellent all the way to the town where we slept, which was twelve miles off; but it lay through a country where every rock and every bush seemed to warn us of danger. On one side was the sea; on the other a range of barren rocks; and on both, between the road and these objects, an irregular ground covered with dwarf, rosemary, and other underwood. This sameness of prospect is now and then varied by a straggling grove of pines; which, however, does not by any means give the country a more lively appearance. At eight o'clock we arrived at a very clean *posada* in Perillo, having travelled eight leagues (thirty-two miles) in the course of the day.

4th. We left our inn at the usual time. The land about the town is cultivated, but our prospects soon became very dreary.

We advanced slowly across a barren heath to the bank of the Ebro, a fine broad river which rushes towards the sea with a yellow muddy stream: the view before us is that of an ungenial country covered with carob-trees, and is terminated more inland by a barren ridge of grey rocks. As we were waiting for the ferry-boat, or rather two boats with a platform over them, the wind swept very coldly across the desert. The ferrying business was managed with great adroitness; and we were landed at La Posta, a miserable village, the first dirty one we have seen in Spain. The country, as we proceed, is here and there enlivened by corn-fields; and every where covered by the algarrobo, or carob-trees, which are short and bushy, bearing long pods, which are eaten by the pigs as well as by the peasants. We dined at a beautiful little village, built by the king, near the sea-side, and called from him San Carlos. A port is here constructed for fishing-boats; but a long stretch of land which renders these roads convenient for vessels of a larger size, has been the occasion of the foundation of the town. The works were discontinued in consequence of the war with France in 1792, and the church and many other buildings still remain in an unfinished state.

About eight miles from hence we passed the foot of the last mountain of Catalonia; and entered, by a bridge over a small dry course of a river, the kingdom of Valencia. The plain here widens with hills in the distance, the cultivation improves, the road is better, and the change of dress immediately shews itself. The costume of Valencia is not perhaps quite so picturesque as that of the Catalans: but it is very much so; and is certainly more uncommon, and better suited to a hot climate. The Valentians are tall and strong, with long black hair, and fine dark eyes; but they do not appear so handsome as their neighbours. As we approached the town of Binrosas, the country became exceedingly rich; and near the town it is a perfect garden. The vines, hemp, corn, &c. are planted with the nicest regularity; and are interspersed with fig, palm, and other trees. All the peasants were busy at work; trimming, hoeing, pruning, and watering the fields:—and all this close to the sea too! The inn at Binrosas is large, and is kept by an Italian: we had the ill luck to arrive when every chamber was engaged except one; which, as might be supposed, was not the best. Two travellers visited us almost as soon as we got in, who requested that their carriage might accompany ours to-morrow, as part of the road which we should be obliged to travel had lately been infested by robbers. When we retired to bed, about eleven, the whole town was resounding to the guitars, tamborines, and castanets, of the dancing peasantry.

5th. Sunday. The muleteers attended mass this morning at four o'clock, in consequence of which our departure was delayed till a little after five. A volante containing an Italian and a Dutchman (the travellers with whom we spoke last night) joined us on the way. The road deviates more than usual from the sea: it is in admirable repair; and we passed along pleasantly, though without much variety, through a country filled with vineyards, and bounded on each side by a range of barren hills. On one of these we observed, in an elevated situation, the ruins of an ancient castle built in the Moorish wars. The towns here are more dirty than those of Catalonia. After a pause of three hours in the middle of the day, our party, consisting of three carriages and nine men, set forward again, and proceeded over the district said to be infested by the robbers. The road was excellent; and lay through a valley here and there producing corn, but almost entirely covered with carob, olive-trees, and under-wood. The hills on each side are pleasing, and we could hardly conceive it a more dangerous spot than the lonely heath between Hospitalet and Perillo. Our advanced guard was at one time thrown into a little alarm by the sudden appearance of eight stout men (some carrying guns) from the wood; but they passed us quietly, and we arrived about seven in perfect safety at a solitary venta by the road-side. The exterior of this edifice was truly discouraging; and to complete our misery, the Dutchman, with an activity of which we had no expectation, while our servant was haggling with the women below, skipped up stairs and took possession of the best room. Though wretched in itself, the venta is pleasantly situated; being surrounded by a grove of olives, carobs, palms, and aloes. On one side is the sea at a few miles distance; on the other the hills are pleasingly varied, and a ruinous castle on one of them is a prominent and picturesque object in the scene.

6th. As our muleteer promised to take us to-day as far as Morviedro, we were induced to rise by candle-light, and get into our carriage at three o'clock. In the course of the morning we traversed a dreary country; and passed over the Puente di Villa Reale, a very noble modern bridge across the nearly dry bed of a river. In proceeding through the town of Castaneo, we could not help observing that we had taken leave of glass windows. The houses here are rude; generally one story high for the lower orders, and not more than two for the more opulent inhabitants: the window-shutters have small apertures, which are opened for air when the heat requires the former to be closed. It is a clean and lively town. As we left it, we passed a convent; and observed that we had seen fewer of these edifices, and fewer clergy, in all the towns on the road except Tarragona, than

we expected. A vast number of monumental crosses, chiefly of wood, about three feet high, attracted our attention to-day; though we have observed them less frequent in other places. The cross is erected on the spot where a murder, quarrel, or accident happened, and the parish buries the body. A superb road, enlivened by the passing and repassing of industrious peasants, and leading through a country well cultivated with vines, olives, carobs, beans, bearded wheat, &c. brought us about twelve o'clock to the cleanest venta we have met with in our journey.

At three o'clock, the muleteers being impatient, our cavalcade was again in motion. The day was dreadfully hot; the road, if possible, improved; yet we again met with the dull prospect of fields a little cultivated, but every where covered by an orchard of carob-trees. An interesting object, however, at length roused our attention; the castle of Almenara, admirably situated for defence upon a rock with three peaks, lofty, for the most part inaccessible, and entirely detached from the neighbouring hills: the keep stands upon the topmost eminence, surrounded by out-works, which descend and extend themselves to the other two points, where watch-towers are erected. We wished we could have seen it more accurately. Neglect, and its exposed situation near the sea, seem to have conspired to leave nothing but the mere shell; and even through this the tempest has made its way for many a winter. Full of this antiquity, we turned the corner of the rock on which it stands, and were in a moment called off to behold a scene which nature, industry, imagination, and memory, all conspire to render one of the most delightful in the world. We had been disappointed, that, within twenty-five miles of Valencia, the country wore no extraordinary aspect of fertility; but now the plain of Valencia opens upon us, full of all the riches of nature,—vines, corn, vegetables, mulberries, carobs, olives, figs, &c.: some picturesque palms in the fore-ground; behind, a range of mountains beautifully sloping; and at a great distance, the insulated rock which bears the ruins of Saguntum:—all this viewed by the glowing tints of sun-set! The plain of Capua is always quoted as the most beautiful instance of fertility, and its pendant vines are certainly delicious; but here the prospect is more diversified, and infinitely more like a garden. All the vines and vegetables are arranged with the nicest precision; channels are formed, and water flows to every part, either directed from the rivers in the neighbourhood, or drawn up from wells by mules. The varied colours and irregular groupes of trees are highly pleasing. What a glorious triumph of nature and industry! What a delicious evening! All the peasants carrying their ploughs and their mat beds on their mules, and returning from their work singing.—But as we walked along this

noble road, it was not nature and industry alone which engaged our attention. At one end of the vista rises the castle of Almenara; at the other the rock, whose sides are interspersed with, and whose top is crowned by the ruins of Saguntum, consisting of rugged towers and embattled walls, which are very numerous and picturesque. At its foot stands the town of Morviedro; by the road-side is an ancient mausoleum, with a cross rising above it; and near it a rude obelisk, built of irregular stones, and bearing four coats of arms, signifying the spot where the dioceses of Valencia, Majorca, Portosa, and Segorba, meet and are separated. The costume of the peasants adds greatly to the high interest of the scene. We found a good posada at Morviedro; where we drank tea, and slept comfortably.

7th. We arose eagerly this morning, and at six o'clock a guide attended us to the ruins of Saguntum. We were anxious to see the architectural taste of a Roman town so far removed from the seat of the arts; but of this there remain only slight traces. Saguntum was admirably situated for luxury and defence: it stood upon a steep rock; which, detached from the neighbouring ridge of hills, projects boldly into the fertile plain of Valencia. Its station was not too high for convenience, and high enough for security. The principal object which remains of it, is the theatre; without doubt the rudest fragment of antiquity that I have any where seen. The seats, all broken and chipped, are formed out of the same stone, and have almost the appearance of part of the rock: its height is nearly the same as that of the larger theatre of Pompeia; but this rises more suddenly, and has the peculiarity of three ranges of vomitories, besides the doors of the upper corridor. It is evident that the proscenium must have been where the road passes at present; and what is now called the stage, which has been divided into several parts by walls, must be the remnant of the architectural scene. There are twenty-seven ranges of seats under the upper corridor: and the circular part of the theatre is placed, as is usual, against the side of the hill, from whence the rich plain of Almenara, terminated by its ancient castle, is entirely commanded. The theatrical spectators of London and Paris have never enjoyed so superb a scene as those of Saguntum; and I think if it could be transported, it would go far to reconcile us all to the unity of place. This edifice is so constructed, that a person speaking at the end of the stage in a low voice, is easily understood in the uppermost seats. We desired our guide to speak something for this purpose; upon which he immediately began the Ave Maria.

Ascending higher, we entered the Moorish fortifications which crown the long ridge of these rocks. Here we were intro-

duced to a few rude antiquities; which were chiefly the pavements of temples, the bases of half a dozen columns, and some inscriptions of the times of the Cæsars, all of the grey stone of the place. Only two remains of marble are visible: the capital of an Ionic pillar, in a corrupt and loaded style; and a small statue of a priest, which has lost its head, but is not without grace. We were informed that about twenty years ago an excavation was attempted among the ruins by an Englishman, who was very active, and wrote a great deal. He discovered the Ionic capital, some coins, and the pavement of a temple. Since his effort, no one has made any attempt, till six years back; when Don de Pach, a Castilian, archbishop of Saragossa, visited this place, continued two days living with the hermit, and broke up the ground around the tower of Hercules, which stands on the highest part of the rock. He found a skeleton and some coins: the latter he took away; declaring that if he were archbishop of Valencia, he would build a palace on this spot. The coins which are sometimes found here, are purchased by the procurator of Morviedro, who has a collection. The king, in his late tour, inspected these ruins: which in consequence experienced the loss of an ancient statue that had remained here for ages, his majesty ordering it to be removed to ornament the custom-house of Valencia. When the Moors got possession of this station, they seized upon the stones of the amphitheatre, and perhaps many other ancient buildings, and constructed with them towers and a great extent of fortification: many parts of this work however, particularly the battlements, are formed entirely of a strong composition made with lime and small stones.—Near the pavement of the temple of Diana (as it is called), and in other places, are circular ranges of stones like wells, having a tree in the centre of each. Here, our guide informed us, the women of Saguntum burned themselves and their effects when the city was taken by Hannibal.

The view of the plain of Valencia from the hermitage which is built among the ruins, is the finest prospect of the kind I ever beheld. The beautiful verdure, the neatness and immense extent of cultivation, the faint white towers of the capital daily seen at a distance, the bright blue sea stretching along the horizon and meeting every where a garden on its banks, formed a scene which was admired by us even after the wonders which we had seen in Italy.

On our return to the posada, we looked into a cottage which was entirely full of silk-worms in their vermicular, spinning, and grub states. A girl told us that last year she had derived from three pounds and a half of silk-worms (wrapped up in their produce), two ounces and three quarters of silk. We set forth at

about ten o'clock to traverse the rich plain to Valencia, which is three leagues distant. The road is magnificent, and we were kept in constant admiration. As we approached the capital of the province, towns and scattered houses of the rustic gardeners began to make a frequent appearance: the latter are thatched, and have small wooden crosses on their roofs. A fine convent of Bernardines was on our left, with a garden of palm-trees. When we entered the suburbs, these instantly ceased, and we found ourselves in a scene as new and surprising as if first landing in a foreign country. We were upon a large bridge over the bed of a river, at present almost dry. Three other bridges were in view, ornamented with saints under canopies: leading to a picturesque city, surrounded by ancient fortifications, with a Gothic gateway; and shewing a vast many antique towers, houses, and some bronze-tiled domes above the walls. All this filled us with astonishment; but we entered only to wonder more. Here we saw narrow streets, people in strange costume, frequent Gothic edifices, shops with large paintings of saints for their signs and seldom having glass in the windows, awnings stretched across the way, and projecting lattices: indeed, after this, I can no longer entertain the common idea, that an Englishman takes his leave of all grand subjects of surprise after he has spent his first day at Calais.

We put up at the *Tres Reges*, the *Fonda de la Par* (the best inn) being entirely full. We found the rooms bearing the names of saints; and over the house door was inscribed, "*Sancti tres Reges, Caspar, Melchior, & Balthasar, orate pro nobis, nunc & in horâ mortis nostræ.*" An almanack is nailed up in the passage, to tell when the sacrament is exposed in the churches.

At six o'clock we attended the theatre; and in our way thither observed many shop-keepers sitting on their counters, and playing their guitars. We paid a pesetta each, and were shewn into an empty pit: indeed the number of persons in the whole house might easily have been counted. The stage is small, and the house remarkably ill-constructed; it is twelve boxes in length, three stories high, and the pit only fifteen paces broad: the boxes are entirely open, with wooden balustrades; the whole painted white. The comedy performed was *La Reconciliacion di Jos dos Hermanos* (the Birth-Day, as represented at Covent Garden), taken or rather abridged from Kotzebue. The scenery was new, but badly painted; and the acting execrable, totally without spirit. To me the audience seemed to be asleep. The prompter, shewing his head in the front of the stage without any concealment, appeared much the most prominent character in the piece; and his droning voice, nearly as loud as that of the actors,

was heard reciting the play from beginning to end. The partition between the house and the street is so thin (and what rendered this more unfortunate, is the situation of the theatre near the city gate) that at every moment, in the most interesting scenes of the comedy, carriages were heard passing, mules jingling their bells, and at one time the guard examining a passport, was louder than the prompter. There was hardly a laugh, and not one applause during the whole performance. The Spanish translator has turned the hearty blunt Jack Junk (as he appears on our stage) into an old forlorn sailor, who looked like Robinson Crusoe on the desert island. After the play a volero was danced with considerable spirit, succeeded by a song badly performed; and the amusements were finished by a stupid farce, in which the humour consisted in a servant who conceals himself behind a side-scene, from which he continually looks out, and makes remarks upon what is said on the stage. At ten o'clock the whole performance was over. This theatre has been built about ten years: it is large enough; but it is intended to erect a new one in a more handsome and convenient style.

CHAP. IV.

VALENCIA.—ITS BUILDINGS.—CONVENT OF SAN FRANCISCO.—CATHEDRAL.—ARCHBISHOP.—VIEW FROM THE TOWER.—RELIGIOUS CONCERT.—CORPUS-CHRISTI DAY. THE PROCESSION.

8th. **W**E walked through several antique and curious streets to the Plaza de San Francisco, which is a sort of market for job-coachmen and mule-masters. After surveying their carriages, and hearing their offers, we visited the convent of St. Francis. The church is dark and ugly: the cloister, however, amply rewarded our trouble. It is plain, but noble in its proportions and extent; and the enclosure is full of luxuriant oranges and palms, which cast a delightful shade. The walls are painted better than usual, with the life and miracles of St. Francis:—they are beyond all wonder!—"things unattempted yet *by land or sea*." Over the door of the cells, which open into an internal passage, are inscriptions signifying the different offices of the friars; and, at the same time, displaying their taste in poetical composition. I remember one of them—

"Hic moderator adest conventi pervigil hujus!"

The cathedral is a large edifice; the tower, lantern, and gates of which are in a good Gothic style. The body of the church

has been rebuilt in the Italian taste : it is neat and not unpleasing as to its ornaments ; but is only striking from its extent. A very venerable choir fills the greater part of the church ; and the altar is of solid silver. The archbishop's palace is perhaps the best house in the city, though it is built of plaister white-washed. The present prelate, Campani, is of Italian origin, though a Spaniard by birth : he is seventy-two years of age, but looks younger. In his youth he was a Franciscan friar, from whence he rose to be general of the order, and archbishop of Valencia. His annual revenue is about three hundred thousand dollars, arising from lands ; and he has three villas in the neighbourhood of the city, in one of which he resides nearly half the year, coming here only on festivals and days of ceremony ; his whole residence in his palace at Valencia is perhaps for three months, and he generally spends about four with the court at Madrid. His establishment comprises above forty servants. An arch is thrown from his palace across the street to the cathedral, so that he comes to church without either carriage or procession. He has the character of great austerity ; and his looks accord with his character.

The custom-house is a common place building, but is much admired here ; nor is it to be wondered that at Valencia, where the houses are so eccentric, a piece of regularity should be an object of admiration.

We ascended the tower of the cathedral, and from thence enjoyed a noble prospect of the surrounding country and the sea at half a league's distance. No view can be richer than this, the fields exhibiting alternate carpets of the finest verdure and the brightest yellow, interspersed with groves of olives, figs, and palms ; towns, villages, and scattered houses : but from this spot, which is near the middle of the city, the country is at too great a distance to observe all the niceties of the planting, training, and irrigating the land ; which makes me prefer the view from the hermitage of Saguntum, where a scene or rather map of fertility is closely submitted to the eye, and where it is less distracted by the mixture of villages and houses.

The convent of St. Domingo has a dome of bright bronze-tiles, which is a new wonder among the strange sights around us. The rest of the building is old and shabby ; yet it is impossible not to walk with pleasure in the decayed Gothic cloister, the arches of which are full of mullion work, and the enclosure well shaded with large orange trees.

In the evening we passed the gate of Serranos, by which we had entered yesterday, to enjoy again the prospect which had so much surprised us. Valencia is really a *foreign* city, and one of another century. Standing on the side of the suburbs, and see

ing the four dark bridges, the long line of low fortification, the heavy gate-house, the rude towers and palm-trees rising above the walls, we either entirely forget Europe, or that we exist in 1803. The sunset was magnificent to-night. We walked by the bank of the Guadalaviar to the Alameda, which is quite an eastern prospect, exhibiting two alleys of embowering trees, surrounded by numerous plantations of palms. Here we observed about a dozen carriages driven slowly up and down, of all fashions except the English. The Plaza de Catedral presented a curious spectacle in the evening, a concert being performed there in honour of to-morrow's festival of Corpus Christi. On this occasion the whole square was covered with awnings, and brilliantly illuminated: on one side of it a number of triumphal cars, carrying images of saints, were arranged in a line; and I could not but observe that the Virgin had two candles burning before her, while the chariot which carried the Deity was totally in the dark. A band was stationed in these machines, and another in the balcony of the town-hall, playing alternately to a considerable concourse of people. The scene was very novel and extraordinary; but it reminded me rather of a tea-garden frolic, than of a religious celebration.

9th. Corpus-Christi day. We were awakened this morning by a violent ringing of bells; and upon our leaving the inn, we found the streets thronged with people of all ranks in their gala-cloaths, and many in masquerade dresses. The peasants were as picturesque as possible, in their broad-brimmed hats with gold tassels, white shirt kelt and sandals, and their jackets with long ribands instead of buttons, hanging carelessly over their shoulders; all who could afford it had silk cloaks, this being the established day for putting on summer apparel. The higher ranks were full dressed, with bags and swords, and mixed with the crowds which moved every where without noise or confusion.

As we proceeded to the cathedral, we were astonished to find a number of gigantic and ridiculous figures of men and women, Moors and Egyptians, set out directly opposite to the triumphal saints; and we were still more surprised to hear that they were to be carried in the same procession this evening. The church was filled with people, the sacrament exposed on the altar, the canons in the choir, habited in purple soutans and hoods, were singing to a noble organ, assisted by a powerful band of other instruments. The archbishop presided, and wore over his purple the blue and white riband of the royal order of Carlos III., which the king put on with his own hand when the court was at Valencia last year. The morning passed in observing similar acts of festivity and devotion in other places; and at four o'clock in the evening, we took possession of a window near the cathedral to witness the so-

lemn procession of the Corpus Christi, which, upon the whole, was the grandest Roman Catholic exhibition I have ever seen. All the streets were crowded; and the windows of the archbishop's palace, situated opposite to us, were decorated with draperies of crimson damask. Small processions kept moving to the cathedral, carrying the images of the different parish churches and convents to the general rendezvous. Every house had its saints new dressed and placed in conspicuous situations; we saw a considerable number, besides several relics, in that in which we were stationed. The soldiers with difficulty made a passage through the crowd for the triumphal cars, each drawn by four fine mules, and each containing at least ten persons. These machines are ugly, resembling boats with wheels; and their representations are badly executed, and shamefully disgusting. They are so unmanageable, that this day of festivity has never passed without an accident; a circumstance which has induced the archbishop to attempt the omission of them, as well as of the ludicrous scene which I shall afterwards describe; but the people are headstrong in retaining their favourite part of the fête.

The first machine contains a representation of the Trinity, and of Adam and Eve expelled from paradise; between these effigies a set of boys dance with hoops and bells. The second has the Virgin; the third Faith; the fourth St. Vincent, by whose interposition Valencia is supposed to have been delivered from the Moors; the fifth St. Michael; and the sixth the Devil. On the stages or platforms of the five former are, as I have mentioned, groupes of dancing boys; but his satanic majesty has a different accompaniment. On his stage the seven mortal sins are represented by masks, the foremost among whom is Fornication dancing to a fiddle, and exhibiting every sort of indecency. These puppet-shews proceeded in full gallop towards the cathedral; and we soon received the melancholy intelligence that one of them had rushed by a person who was standing against a wall, and had absolutely torn his bowels out.

About five o'clock a cart was brought through the streets filled with orange leaves, which were scattered in the path of the procession; and at the end of another half hour the pageant began to shew itself before our window. It had made the tour of the whole city, and was now on its return to the cathedral. It appeared nearly in the following order: Gigantic figures of gentlemen, ladies, Moors, and Egyptians, preceded by *outré* characters with enormous heads. Saints from the parish churches dressed in tawdry clothes, and attended by the priests and chief inhabitants in full dress, together with dancing boys and music. Scripture characters: Moses with the law; Aaron in pontifical robes, with the budding rod; David with his harp; Sampson

with Goliath's head; Joshua with the sun in his hand; Abraham with Isaac bearing the faggots; Noah carrying the dove; and Balaam on his ass. Then followed the convents of the city: the monks of the Holy Trinity (in white soutans, with black robes and hoods marked with blue crosses); the Capuchins (brown); Carmelites (brown with white cloaks); Benedictines, or black monks; friars of St. Francis of Paolo (black); Franciscans (some in grey, others in blue); Mercenarian friars (white with small red crosses); black canons of St. Augustin; Dominicans (white with black cloaks), &c. all carrying their saints and candles, and chaunting as they walked. Priests: the four evangelists in masquerade; they passed so quickly that we had only time to observe St. Luke with a bull's head. Priests again: three large gilt eagles walking; priests and canons of the cathedral carrying solid silver statues of saints; noblemen and gentlemen in full dress; the Host (or Corpus Christi) in a high Gothic frame-work of gold, under a rich canopy, surrounded by a blaze of candles; the four senior canons of the cathedral; the mitre on a crimson cushion; the archbishop walking bare headed, with his crosier in his hand; gentlemen of the archbishop carrying his red velvet chair of state; nobles of the city; the governor and general with candles. The procession concluded with a detachment of soldiers. On the entrance of the host into the church there was a discharge of artillery.

We had an advantage in its being evening before the procession passed; which, as all the monks, &c. carried candles, considerably increased the effect. The moment when the silver images went by, and the machine containing the host turned the corner of the street, and was fully opposed to us with the reflection of so many lights, it presented a splendid spectacle.

As soon as this pageant (which lasted three hours) had closed, we hastened to the cathedral. The crowd and pressure were dreadful; but the sight was grand beyond description. This large building was lighted up in the most fanciful and richest manner; and the Gothic lantern had a particularly beautiful effect, and the high altar entirely of silver blazed with innumerable candles. A loud and noisy chorus of rejoicing was singing as I entered, accompanied by organs, fiddles, bells, &c. and when this confusion of tongues and sounds had finished, the archbishop ate the object of adoration, the Corpus Christi, having previously elevated it before the people. He was surrounded by tapers, incense, and priests in glittering robes, and seemed actually enveloped in a flood of light. He then assumed his mitre, gave the benediction, and the piece concluded, the most pompous that I have ever seen.

We have been well amused at Valencia; for, independent of

the splendid folly of its festival, it is a town full of the traces of antiquity and peculiarity. It is different from any place which I have seen before or since ; and, though no where magnificent, it is every where curious and interesting.

CHAP. V.

ROUTE TO MADRID.—ALMANZOR.—A NEW VENTA.—DESERT COUNTRY.—BANDITTI.—LA MANCHA.—COUNTRY CHURCH.—OCANA.—ARANJUEZ.—APPROACH TO MADRID.

10th. **W**E had made an arrangement yesterday in the Plaza de San Francisco to be conveyed (being four persons in number) in a coach with six mules and two drivers to Madrid in seven days, stopping at Aranjuez, for which we were to pay thirty-eight doubloons. This morning at six o'clock we commenced our journey, and passed forward on an excellent road, with high league-stones, through a noble avenue. The rich plain attended us about ten miles, and our coach formed a delightful contrast to the exposed springless volantes in which we had lately travelled. We went through many towns and villages ; and at the posada of Montartal, five leagues and a half from Valencia, we staid from twelve till three o'clock ; but in spite of the bounty of nature which surrounded it, we could only obtain a few eggs and some bad bread and wine. After dinner we took a short survey of the country, which was cultivated, though without trees. Many fields were flooded and planted with rice. During the day the weather was dreadfully hot. In the evening we saw at a distance the finely situated town of San Felipe, with the castle above it, built on two pinnacles of rock, with communicating works and walls ranging down the side of it. About eight o'clock we arrived at a neat venta (del Conde) standing by the road, with a village near it ; but notwithstanding its promising appearance, it could not furnish us with milk for our tea ; nor could we obtain any thing to take with us from the village. We have become, however, pretty well accustomed to such disappointments in these " fine climates, and gardens of the earth." Our day's journey has been nine leagues, about thirty-six English miles.

11th. We set out this morning at a little after four o'clock. The road was admirable ; but the country relapsed into an absolute desert. At first we had rough groves of olives and carobs between the road and the range of hills on each side ; now and then we saw a field of shabby corn, and even a rich vale or two ; we passed no villages, nor scarcely any habitations. After

dining at an indifferent venta (de Puente), we rested from eleven till two o'clock, having accomplished five leagues and a half; the house only afforded bad wine and bread, bad water, and a few eggs. In the evening we entered the kingdom of Murcia, which, in the part through which we journeyed, presents an unvarying scene of desert hills and rocks covered with rosemary and furze. I never surveyed so lamentable a prospect; the plain of Almanzor is hardly an exception to this picture: it is vast, surrounded by barren hills, here and there shewing a poor crop of corn, but for the most part feeding flocks of sheep and goats. The town consists of a small collection of brown plaister houses, with a little castle situated on a knoll of rock, which in a curious manner suddenly juts out from the plain. Near this stands an obelisk to commemorate the battle fought here; which affords but a mean display of generosity on the part of the monarch, who owed his throne to the event which it records.

We continued to traverse this bleak country till eight o'clock, when we arrived at a neat new venta, improperly enough called de la Vega. As this is a fair specimen of those which have been lately erected, I shall be particular in describing it. The lower story is one room, with a large arch on each side, so that carriages can drive through it: the room on one side of the thoroughfare serves as a kitchen, and on the other as a coach-house. Above stairs is a long passage with a chimney at the end, and three apartments on each side, each with two beds in alcoves or recesses, and with wooden shutters instead of glass in the windows; the stable is in a yard behind. These houses are sufficiently comfortable in every respect except as to provisions, and are a great improvement on the old ventas and posadas, of which we have had so often reason to complain.

12th. Sunday. Mass was celebrated this morning at four, in a little chapel in the venta, by a friar who had arrived the evening before for that purpose. The muleteers were ready about half an hour afterwards. The same dreary prospect which first broke upon us yesterday continued all to-day, varying a little now and then, but always threatening famine or robbers. As we proceeded, groves of cork-trees became more frequent; and we discovered from a little eminence that we should soon be enveloped in a considerable wood. From this spot we could see the road pursuing its straight direction for many leagues; but here we deviated from it, and traversed the wood towards the venta where we were to rest during the middle of the day. We could observe by two volantes joining our caravan, and some other circumstances, that this was a dangerous pass: indeed it is admirably adapted for the depredations of banditti on horseback; the

screens of underwood which mingle with the cork-trees are sufficient to conceal them, and at the same time they in general grow in such distinct thickets as to leave a passage between them, among the intricate windings of thousands of which, spread over a vast surface of country, a flying band of robbers might almost defy pursuit. About twelve o'clock we came to a venta in the thickest part of the wood: it is called Rincon ô Pozo de la Pena, and is six leagues from the venta de la Vega. It afforded rice, salt fish, and some wine, which was almost too bad to drink. The inhabitants of this remote spot were clad in their Sunday apparel; and the hair of the women was ornamented with large combs of basket work. We set out again at three. The wood here has a mixture of pines, and breaks out into rocks and defiles for a few miles. Upon leaving these, we entered on vast and dreary plains affording nothing but a scanty pasturage to the flocks of sheep and goats that range over them. At half past seven we arrived at Albacete, a considerable town with a manufactory of knives, stilettos, and other articles of cutlery. The posada was unfortunately undergoing a repair, so that we were forced to put up with a wretched bed-room. We were able, however, to procure a sufficient supply of provisions. The white bread and oranges were remarkably good.

13th. The carriage was ready at a quarter before four this morning, the muleteers being determined to arrive at La Roda in time for mass, as it was St. Anthony's day. The master of the posada told the servant that we were the first Englishmen he had seen for fourteen years. We left Albacete by an avenue of mulberries, and entered on a flat unproductive country. A few leagues farther we met a strong detachment of cavalry patrolling the road, in consequence of a daring robbery which had just been committed on a nobleman who was bringing his bride to court from Barcelona: he had a numerous retinue; the banditti were twelve in number, and completely armed. Soon after passing Ginette, we found ourselves in the celebrated province of La Mancha: the country before us continuing as flat and dreary as before. The mode of driving practised by our muleteers is very remarkable: one of them holds a short whip and the reins, which are merely attached to the pair of mules which are next the carriage; the other sits by him with his lap full of stones, which, when he wishes them to trot, he very expertly pelts at the heads of the leaders; and in case they seem inclined to quit the road on account of such violent treatment, he is ready to jump down to prevent an accident.

We entered La Roda a little after ten o'clock by an avenue. It is a poor desert town like the rest; the posada, however, is new and clean. During our stay here I visited the church; and

modern fabric, though in some parts the traces of ancient clustered pillars may be discovered; over the entrance is written on a board—" *El YIImo. Don Filipe Solano Dignissimo Obispo di Cuenca, Anno 1792*;" and, on another near it, as far as I could make it out, the name of the Cura, or perhaps dean of the church. It has a choir for a considerable number of priests, with an organ over it at the west end; the nave is spacious, and has two side-aisles. At the eastern extremity is a heavy gilt altar-piece; there are also several other altars at the sides, and against the pillars, all rudely ornamented. One of the chapels has a picture of the "Adoration of the Magi," of some merit; a vast many banners and other machinery, the pomp, no doubt, of the Corpus-Christi procession were lying about in different parts of the church. We dined well to-day on the provisions furnished by Albacete; but the wine of La Roda could hardly be made palatable, even with the addition of sugar and lemon. Just as we were setting out, a lady of distinction arrived in an antique coach, with attendants, and four horse-guards. The road continued excellent; and the prospect the same desert, flat expanse; though towards evening it was diversified by a large wood of pineasters. In this country it is impossible to distinguish friends from foes, as all travellers go well armed. We met just here half a dozen horsemen, many of whom had swords and pistols; but they passed us quietly, and were probably travellers like ourselves, as we afterwards saw peasants riding on asses, armed in the same way: Venta de Pinaz, where we slept, has been lately built by the lord of the manor: is the largest on the road; and notwithstanding the noble donna had sent forward to bespeak the best rooms, our accommodations were very comfortable.

14th. The road to-day was, as usual, excellent; and the country presented the same level and desert appearance, except that a little cultivation is attempted around the towns, which are built of mud and plaister. The only interesting objects with which we have met in de Mancha, are its windmills, rendered famous by the exploits of Don Quixote. We had seen none before we entered this province; but here scarcely a village is to be seen without a group of them; they are built of stone, with thatched tops.

We rested during the heat of the day at Pedronoso, whose posada only afforded some bread and a little milk; in the neighbourhood of this town a jar manufactory is carried on. In the evening we passed La Motta della Cuervo, another considerable mud-town, with about a dozen windmills, and the most classical we have met with, since from the eminence on which they stand, the spire of El Toboso is plainly distinguished.

At eight o'clock we stopped at the dirty posada of Puintamar, where we obtained some pigeons for supper ; but the beds were horrible. Upon carrying the lamp near them, we saw the bugs coursing each other over the dirty sheets, in most terrific squadrons ! and upon lifting up our eyes to the wall near the bed's-head, we beheld all the little specks upon its surface, which, at first sight, seemed splashes of dirt, were animated,—all bugs ! We immediately called for the master of the house ; but as he did not seem to understand the cause of our complaint, and there was no remedy, we were obliged to betake ourselves to the carriage for the night.

15th. To-day we traversed the same flat and dreary country as I have so often described ; the weather as hot as possible. We slept for two hours, and dined at a bad posada in Billatobas, another wretched mud-town, and at eight in the evening reached Ocana, after a very fatiguing journey.

Ocana is a city ; and presents a view of many low towers and little domes. The inn is almost the dirtiest we have seen. Some pigeons were sent up to us for supper swimming in an execrable black broth ; and to show how far such inconveniencies are from being softened by civility, I must mention that the landlady, hearing that we had ordered the beds, as a precaution both against the heat and bugs, to be removed into the middle of the room, sent us word that, if her accommodations did not suit us, we might turn out into the street. We were, however, too much tired to quarrel, and quietly retired under a threatening quilt and patched sheets, at half past ten o'clock.

16th. We rose with alacrity to-day, which was to shew us Aranjuez and Madrid ; and were in the carriage before three o'clock. We proceeded among dreary and bare hills for the space of two leagues ; when, at length, the paradise of Spain broke upon our view. The real beauty of the place, and the contrast of verdure and civilization, to the desolate scenes which we had lately passed, made us think it the most delightful spot we had ever seen. Before us was a vale full of trees, with domes and spires rising above them ; a range of well-built white houses with a large church, stood on the right. Traffic and bustle were alive on all sides ; in short, we seemed to rise into life again. Having left our carriage at the inn, we hastened to review the wonders of the place. It was easy to discover that the court was here, from the number of coaches and six, officers, and servants, who continually passed us.

The town consists of small low houses, neatly and regularly built. The Royal Palace stands on the banks of the Tagus ; the ambassadors and other persons of the court reside in several large houses near the prince's garden. Passing an arch, we came

into a sort of crescent, with a chapel in the centre, the whole of which is constructed of plaister painted. The palace is of considerable extent; it has two domes, but no other attempt at embellishment; indeed, its appearance is neither grand nor pleasing. The windows are casements, and the chief front is situated opposite the dullest part of the wood. With respect to the celebrated garden of the island, it is a spot where nature has blotted out the original design, and made one of the most delightful retreats in the world. A person might walk a long time among the over-arching bowers of its ancient elms, without discovering that in fact all the walks are radii, and the fountains which occasionally fall in his way are the centres where they meet;—such was the taste in which the garden was laid out: but the elms have vindicated their own rights, and those of the place; they have bent their trunks in every direction; and thrust their arms in bold irregularity across the stiff alleys and prim compartments which the designer had planned; at this time if the fountains were removed, nothing would be wanting to the beauty of the scene. The walks of the colleges at Cambridge, much thickened and extended, and the glades filled with flowers, will give an adequate idea of the effect of this most ancient and most beautiful garden of Aranjuez.

Upon quitting these magnificent shades, we found ourselves on the banks of the 'Tagus, whose stream was somewhat narrower than we had expected: the Princesses' apartments look this way; those of the King and Queen face the open plaza and the bridge; an aspect which cannot be admired:—directly under their windows is a small garden of orange trees, which being cut into round shapes, and powdered by the dust from the roads, seem like so many wigs in a barber's shop. Nor is the distant prospect more delightful; the shore of the river near the bridge is entirely covered with wood sawn out ready for sale;—it comes from the mountains of Cuenca; and after having been floated down the Tagus, is sold by the king on this wharf. This is a very expensive commodity in Castile.

We now arrived at the gate of the garden of the Prince of Asturias; which opens into a noble avenue called the Calle de la Reyna. Several officers were standing here, from whom we requested permission to enter; one of them said, that we were at perfect liberty to see the garden after the king had passed, who was going, according to his custom, to breakfast with the prince in a pleasure-house in the garden. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, his majesty drove by us in an old-fashioned crimson phaeton, with two ponies, and three servants behind; he was followed by an attendant on horseback, carrying his gun, and about a dozen other persons of all descriptions: he bowed

as he passed us, and proceeded down the avenue to breakfast. The prince's garden is made in an ambiguous taste, half French and half English: the walks are straight and ornamented with fountains; but the compartments are planted irregularly, and often laid out in grass, with flowers in basket frames, according to the English plan. The whole is certainly very pretty; but as it is a modern work, and the trees are young, it can by no means vie with the grandeur of the garden of the island: it is remarkable that every single tree has a separate pipe, which by conveying to its roots the waters of the Tagus, supplies the want of rain, which makes the country around so barren. We were surprised to find no foreign trees here, and very few oranges: in one part we were led to the banks of the river, where batteries are erected, and two large models of a frigate and a corvette are afloat; in another we were shewn in a most delightful situation a piece of water, filled with gold fish, in the middle of which was an island, containing a correct and beautiful imitation of a Chinese tea-house: but notwithstanding my daily experience of bad taste, I was astonished to see in this striking and peculiar prospect, the late addition of a large and expensive Ægyptian temple! We were not permitted to approach the prince's pleasure-house, but we were assured we had seen all that was remarkable. In one of the avenues near the gate a green silk net was suspended, in case the king after breakfast should meditate a war upon the finches. After a stay of three hours, we returned to our carriage and departed. The Spaniard to whom I spoke at the garden gate, called Aranjuez the Richmond of Spain. It is a beautiful spot, more delightful in Spain than Richmond is in England; but considering them abstractedly, the fine broad oaks feathering to the ground, and the wide stream of the Thames, incline me to decide in favour of the superior beauty of the latter. We passed the Tagus and along an avenue of trees, through what is called the Alameda del Rey, which is intersected by several other avenues; but as we proceeded trees became more scarce, and the ground more burnt up. After crossing a long stone bridge, we ascended an hill, and left trees and cultivation far behind; the whole prospect is dreary and desert; and is in every respect a miserable contrast to the approaches both to London and Paris; we did not indeed expect the picture of private wealth and happiness which the former presents; but we were prepared for some of the monarchical grandeur of the latter: in this however we were entirely disappointed; for though the road is fine, the avenues want width and majesty; and upon quitting these, on the very verge of the metropolis, to relapse into a perfect desert, is intolerable. We stopped to dinner at a posada where the provisions were plenty,

but the charge exorbitant. From this it was four leagues to Madrid; the road perfectly direct, and its sides garnished by some miserable elms. There are no towns, a little traffic, and some cultivated fields; but it is almost impossible to conceive that we are close to a metropolis: at length it makes its appearance. Madrid! a small black town, standing quite distinct, in the midst of an arid plain: no suburbs or straggling houses. Its outline is diversified by a number of little domes and spires; but there is nothing pre-eminent or grand; the perspective is closed by the snow-capt mountains of Guadarama.

The Prince of the Peace going to the city in great haste passed us on the road, with half a dozen horse-guards, and three servants behind his carriage. The oppressive heat of the day was beyond expression; at length we crossed the Manzanares at a ford, and entered the verdant out-works of the Prado of Madrid; these are extended to the water side; and among them were many parties walking, their carriages waiting at a distance. We advanced under a shady avenue to the gate of Antocha, where our pockets were called upon for a contribution by the custom-house; and we passed within the walls of the metropolis, of which the grandeur of the Prado, and the width and lighting of the Calle de Alcalá gave us higher expectations than were afterwards realized; indeed these are by far the finest parts of Madrid. The prospect, however, of the rooms and beds of the Cruz de Malta was in our present circumstances infinitely more gratifying.

CHAP. VI.

MADRID. — HEAT. — ROYAL ARMORY. — PLAZA MAYOR. — CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY. — THE YOUNGER FOSTER. — THEATRE. — PRINCE OF PEACE. — BUEN. — RETIRO. — PRADO. — NEW PALACE. — BULL-FIGHT. — COMEDY OF LOPE DE VEGA. — GENERAL VIEW OF THE METROPOLIS.

17th. **T**HE hot weather has come in this year with the solano or African wind, which has blown for the last day or two. The thermometer at two o'clock was at 92° in our rooms and in the shade out of doors at 87°. In the evening we endeavoured to walk on the Prado, but though the sun was set, the air which breathed in our faces was so impregnated with heat, as to cause an oppression and relaxation that repressed almost every feeling of curiosity.

18th. We were disappointed to-day in not being able to see the New Palace; as for the purpose of keeping it perfectly

cool for the royal family, who will soon arrive, the shutters are only open from five till seven in the morning: but we were more fortunate at the Real Armeria, which is contained in an old building near it. This greatly gratified us; and began to reconcile us to Madrid. The room, which is spacious, is hung round with armour and arms, and a row of horsemen, cased in steel, line the middle. We found ourselves at once among the worthies of Spain. Charles V, Philip II, Ferdinand and Isabella, Gonzalvo of Cordova, King Chico of Grenada, Hernando Cortes, and a long succession, which will be better specified in the following DESCRIPTIVE LIST:

The carriage of the mother of Charles V., the first made in Spain:—it is of a square shape, carved over, and has open windows all round. The chair of Charles V:—The bed and travelling cart of Charles V; a machine something between a cradle and a tilted cart. The armour of Ferdinand the Catholic, worn at the conquest of Grenada; it is ornamented with alternate stripes of bright steel and flowered gilding. Three suits of armour of Queen Isabella, like men's armour, of bright steel, with a little gilding. Steel armour with gilt nails, of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster and king of Castile; the mark of a ball is indented in the breast-plate. A rich suit of unpolished armour, embossed with figures and ornaments, made at Pamplona, and given by Sebastian of Portugal to Philip II.—The armour of Charles V. in which he retired to St. Just. The virgin is engraved on the breast-plate; the helmet has the representation of hair, beard, mouth, and ears. It is perforated for the eyes; and the hair and the beard are gilt.—Large Moorish targets of leather, with inscriptions.—The armour of the great Captain, Gonzalvo of Cordova, which is like, but richer than, that of Ferdinand the Catholic. It is embossed all over, and has alternate stripes of gilt and bright steel.—Turkish presents, guns, pistols, &c. from Constantinople; some of the barrels were made at Barcelona, the mounting is very curious.—Swords of Charles V., of Gonzalvo, and of Francis I. The latter was worn at the battle of Pavia, when Francis was taken prisoner; a small dagger is attached to the sheath; it has a cross handle, with the inscription, “in brachio suo.”—A Moorish collar, for torturing Christians, taken by Montemar.—Maces for wrenching off armour.—Lances. Arrows curiously barbed.—A breast-plate, with an embossed representation of the battle of St. Quintin; made for Philip II. at Pamplona: it is well executed.—A shield sent by the Pope to Don John of Austria; it bears a crucifix; the field on each side of which has the impression of a bullet.—Several coats of mail of bright steel, for females of the court of Philip II. each with a short steel petticoat.—A rich

suit of armour, worn by Philip III. made at Pamplona.—A long gun, with the earliest kind of lock, and the handle inlaid with ivory, belonging to Philip II.—Armour of Hernando Cortes, of plain steel.—Armour of King Chico * of Grenada, of bright steel; it has more joints than any of the others. The helmet is very large, and curiously fashioned: it is perforated by two small holes for seeing, and above them is a long slip for breathing: on the side a sort of door can be opened for the purpose of speaking; a small shield is attached to the left breast, and a piece of steel projects to rest a spear upon on the right. Another suit of Moorish armour, the helmet like that of Chico.—The ring armour of Charles I. of Naples.—Japanese war dresses, with frightful masks.

HORSE FIGURES.

Alfonso IX. father of St. Ferdinand.—Philip II. as he appeared at the battle of St. Quintin: his sword; the gift of the city of Saragossa.—Charles V. as he entered Tunis: he carries in his hand a bright steel halbert.—All these figures are in bright steel armour, with high plumes on their heads; the horses richly caparisoned, and more or less armed.—Charles V. as he was crowned Emperor of the Romans; on which occasion he assumed the Roman habit and wreath of laurel. His robe is red, edged with ermine.

At the end of the room, in a glass case, with a curtain before him, like our waxen kings in Westminster Abbey, sits Ferdinand the Catholic. His shield is hung behind him; the crown on his head; the sceptre and ball in his hands. A board is suspended to assure the faithful that if they will say a pater-noster, and an ave Maria, and pray earnestly for the extirpation of heretics before this reverend image, they shall receive many hundred days of indulgence; for which purpose a number of prelates have subscribed their sums of time. I was sorry to find Lorenzana's name in the list. A velvet cushion is prepared for those who are moved by this holy invitation. The walls of the room

* “The nineteenth king of Grenada was Muley Hasen; others call him Albo Hasen. He had a son named Boaudillin. Many of the nobles being at variance with the father, elected the son for their prince, calling him Chiquito the boy king. Thus Grenada saw itself under the dominion of two kings.” *Guer. Civil. cap. ii.* After his father's death, Boaudillin, or, as he is commonly called, El Rey Chico, defended the city against King Ferdinand, to whom, in the end, he was obliged to surrender it. El Rey Chico has been generally translated the Little King; but the armour above-mentioned does not favour that interpretation. The meaning seems to be, the younger king, or the boy king, which accords with the Spanish custom of calling the king's sons Infants, even after they have obtained the age of manhood.

are hung all round with armour; and the ceiling with tilting lances, Moorish banners, &c. Some very curious specimens of ancient cannon are to be found in this collection; which, although it is not so large as that at the Tower, must certainly be allowed to be as interesting as any in Europe.

The Plaza Mayor of Madrid, presents a very curious spectacle. It is a square of old brick houses, with arcades (or, as we call them, piazzas) below; the houses are full of windows, and each window has a balcony, and a curtain or mat hung out to shade the rooms. The sides of this square are not broken by streets; and, standing in the middle, we seem to look in vain for an egress, which is by a low arch on one side: opposite this is the Town-House; an ancient building, but without dignity or effect. They are at present engaged in preparing scaffoldings and seats for the bull-fights which are to be exhibited here next month, in honour of the marriage of the Prince of Asturias.

In the evening we visited the Gabinete de Historia Natural; which occupies a suite of ten rooms, in a large stone building, in the Calle de Alcala, in which there is also an academy of arts*. It is a collection of great interest, as it contains from Spanish America and the Manillas, curiosities which cannot be possessed by any other museum in Europe; but it is not so complete as these immense sources of treasure would lead us to expect, nor is the disposition of the specimens they have procured so perfect as it ought to be.

The principal foundation of this museum was the valuable collection of minerals, bought by the king from the famous Foster, who for many years had the direction of it. A large sardonyx, of a rich purple and brown colour, with lucid yellow veins, is shewn, before which this enthusiastic collector used frequently to fall on his knees; but the minerals from America are the principal objects of attention: and the splendour of some specimens is beyond description. Among the other rarities are, immense snakes from Oronooko;—extraordinary fish;—curious birds;—virgin silver and gold;—specimens of the pottery of the ancient Peruvians, highly curious; some representations of idols; rude, but very much in the Egyptian manner, particularly several vessels, on the exterior parts of which are the images of deities, exactly like the Canopus pots of Egypt.—Models of pagodas;—Chinese boats, &c. extremely beautiful;—a Japanese drum, the most sonorous I ever heard.—Peruvian cloth.—Pictures of the intermarriages of the Spaniards and Indians, with the offspring, to mark the gradations of colour.—Moorish ornaments, gold rings, necklaces, &c. dug up at Grenada.—Cli-

* The inscription over the gate is very neat: CAROLVS III. Rex, Naturam et Artem sub uno tecto in publicam utilitatem consociavit, anno MDCLXV.

nese and Japanese dresses and models. The valuable bequest of Louis XIV. to Philip V. is preserved in this museum, which consists of a number of precious stones and antique cameos, rich and beautiful to the last degree, made up into vases and ornaments in the most tawdry and detestable French taste.

The spar of the Asturias is like that of Derbyshire: superb rubies, opals, and emeralds are to be found in this collection; but the officer, while he shewed us the models of the Great Mogul and other famous diamonds in crystal, complained that the king was far from liberal in this particular, and that he had only given two small specimens to the museum.

The most remarkable and interesting object in this cabinet, is the skeleton of the non-descript animal which was discovered some years ago, buried about forty feet in a mountain near Buenos Ayres. The length from its rump to its nose is about thirteen feet, its height a little more than six. The breadth and size of its body are very astonishing; and the collar and blade-bone are not unlike those of the human species. The legs are uncommonly stout, particularly those behind, which are of such prodigious and wonderful strength, that they must have been designed to support upon occasion the whole body of the animal reared up; an idea which is rendered more probable from the length of the claw and the solid piece of bone which projects behind, forming a basis to the leg.

Whether it was a carnivorous animal or not, is still, and will probably always remain, in great doubt. The enormous claws are in favour of such a conclusion, but the evidence of the mouth is against it, which is merely furnished with common grinders, without fangs, or any traces of them, though that part of the skeleton is entirely perfect; it is not wide. The neck is long enough to touch the ground. A skeleton of an elephant is placed in the adjoining room for the sake of comparison; there is little similarity between them; this being, it is evident, of the cat kind, and appears to have been a sort of gigantic tyger. The breadth of the animal, and the solidity of its bones, are wonderfully striking. This museum may be considered at present in its infancy, and it is about to receive a vast addition, and undergo a complete renovation, from the hands of the younger Foster (the son of the celebrated collector), who has been travelling, by order of the king, for the last eleven years in South America, where he has collected a vast number of new and rare specimens, which are all arrived, and deposited for the present in the palace of Buen-Retiro. Foster himself is on his return to take the direction of the institution, which is to be removed, as soon as he comes, to a new building, which has been erected for the purpose,

near the Botanic Garden, a large structure; which affords a new instance of the wretched taste in architecture prevalent at Madrid. The museum, after receiving Foster's additional specimens, and directed by his intelligence, will become a primary object of attention among the mineralogists of Europe. At eight o'clock we attended El Teatro de los Canos de Peral, the first of the two theatres of Madrid: externally it presents a shew of poverty perfectly surprising: its brick front, with three little doors, and a few broken windows, seems that of an house given up to decay. The interior is ornamented in an ugly and grotesque manner; the predominant colour is dirty brown, on which lozenges are painted at intervals, containing heads, not after the antique, but in the style of the fashionable dresses for the year in an English pocket-book: it is four stories high, containing seventy-three boxes, which are piled one over the other without columns or architecture. A gallery with one row of seats, projects before the lower boxes; the *salle* is lighted by five small chandeliers: the stage is about the size, and the house nearly the same width, with Colman's theatre in the Haymarket; but of a different shape, and much longer. The audience were very scanty; but we found the band, the performers, and the decorations very respectable. The entertainment consisted of *La Viage in Grecia*, translated from the little French opera of Palma. The chief singer is an Italian, but the operas are all performed in Spanish, by the king's order: after this followed a minuet fandango, and afterwards the fandango performed with castanets by a male and female dancer; it is a mixture of dignity and passion which well accords with the Spanish character, and though its approaches to indecency must be allowed, it has considerable grace, and in spirit and effect it cannot be surpassed. The boxes of the *grandees* are ornamented with curtains of various colours: the royal family never visit any other theatre but that of the bull-fights. The Prince of Peace was in his box to-night; towards the close of the performance he was so heated, that a basin of water was brought him, in which he washed his face and hands. His figure is dignified, not unlike the Prince of Wales, but his countenance is remarkably dull and heavy.

19th. The palace of the Buen-Retiro is a low straggling building of plaister, with four towers and spires, surrounding a large court: it has rather the air of a barrack for soldiers than a royal residence. The suits of rooms are numerous, but neither handsome in their furniture or proportions; the walls for the most part are covered with indifferent pictures. Luca Giordano has done a great deal in this palace in his easy but inexpressive style. The antichamber, and the principal apartment called El Cason, are painted by him, the former representing the conquest of Gre-

nada, the latter allegorical emblems of the grandeur of the Spanish monarchy. There are also several pictures of Rubens, some extravagant, some few hunting-pieces well done : a painting or two by Peter Boert, highly pleasing ; a fool, by Velasquez, admirable ! The rest of the collection, which is immense, consists of stiff ancient, and insipid modern works ; among the former the portraits of Ferdinand and his queen are to be remarked on account of the likeness. One of the halls contains a number of wooden models of Cadiz, Figueras, Gibraltar, Vera Cruz, &c. which are not generally shewn to foreigners ; here too is the famous attack on Gibraltar in model.

The theatre is of a considerable size, and the stage well placed ; but the chief ornaments, which are balustrades of brown wood, with glass between them, are in a wretched taste. Italian operas were performed here at a vast expense in the last reign ; but since the fête given on the marriage of the present king, it has never been used.

The Buen-Retiro, which, though of different materials, resembles in many respects the old part of Fontainebleau, certainly ranks below every other royal palace we have seen on the continent. In a small garden adjoining is an equestrian bronze statue* of Philip IV. The poising of the mass is ingenious, as the horse is represented in the act of curvetting ; and the whole has considerable merit, though not without stiffness. The gardens of the Buen-Retiro are open to the public ; they consist of alleys of low trees, maintained with infinite care and waterings ; but notwithstanding every possible attention, they are not, nor do they promise to be, luxuriant ; they are, however, a delightful resort for the citizens of Madrid. In the neighbourhood of these the royal porcelain manufactory is carried on in a large white building ; and near it is the national observatory.

The Prado was crowded this evening with company on foot and in carriages, the latter passing slowly in succession on one side of the broad walk. I have never seen so many together since I left England. They are of all tastes and fashions : the old Spanish, the open, and the Parisian ; some with landscapes

* On the girth of the horse is inscribed "Petrus Tacca f. Florentiæ, anno salutis mdcxxx." Tacca was a pupil of the celebrated John of Bologna ; he was in great repute, and enjoyed many favours from the Grand Dukes Ferdinando II. and Cosmo II. I saw his tomb at Florence, in the chapel of his master, in the church of the Annunziata. The whole statue, which weighs 18,000 pounds, rests upon the hind legs and the tail : the mode by which this has been accomplished is, by making these perfectly solid, and the other parts hollow. The statue of Peter the Great, executed by Falconet, at Petersburg, is in a similar attitude, and is constructed in the same manner.—The inventories of the Retiro rate Tacca's work at 40,000 doubloons, which is a much larger sum than it cost originally.

painted on the pannels, others awkwardly encumbered with gilt ornaments; all drawn by mules, the postillions dressed in long coats and cocked hats. The dust they create, in spite of previous watering, almost choaks the walking company. The view of this wide Prado, filled with people and carriages, and surrounded by trees and fountains, must certainly be ranked among the fine spectacles of Europe.

20th. We were obliged to rise at a quarter past five this morning to see the New Palace, according to the regulations I have lately mentioned. The exterior is one of those tasteless compositions of windows and pilasters of which the last century was so fertile, and which can only strike from their size, or dazzle by the multitude of their parts: columns and simplicity, the grand characteristics of ancient architecture, have, according to the practice of modern taste, been totally disregarded; nor has the architect by this deviation attained that richness which sometimes inposes on the mind in the absence of classical proportions. This new structure, however, has neatness, uniformity, and extent, to recommend it, and is in a commanding situation: in fact, it looks like a palace, and has in consequence an host of admirers*. The building is square, and surrounds a court-yard, into which there are two approaches; from one of them rises the grand stair-case, which is wide and lofty; a very noble work, and only second to that at Caserta†, which is without doubt the finest in Europe. The suite of rooms is very

* Madrid in ancient times, before it became the seat of government, contained an Alcazar or Royal Palace; the first foundation, attributed to Alonso VI. was destroyed by an earthquake. A second was erected by Henry II. which was enlarged and embellished by a series of monarchs, particularly Charles V. when he brought his court to Madrid. This curious edifice was reduced to ashes in 1734. It was proposed to rebuild it on a plan which should rival the first palaces in Europe. For this purpose, the Abate Felipe Iuvarra, a Sicilian, who had been employed by the king of Sardinia at Turin, was engaged to form a model. He was a disciple of Fontana, but he seems to have surpassed his master, since he proposed a number of insulated columns; though it must be confessed that he preferred the composite order. The principal front of his plan extended to 1700 feet; and the chief court was to be 700 by 400. The king, however, (Philip V.) insisted that the new palace should exactly occupy the site of the former; and death prevented Iuvarra's forming a second design. The business now devolved upon his pupil, Giovanni Baptista Saguetti of Turin, who produced the present fabric; in which, it is said, he kept his master's style in view: but the praise of the stair-case is due to Francisco Sabatini. The palace is built of the white stone of Colmenar; with a basement of granite; the whole arched over, to prevent its being again destroyed by fire. The four fronts are each 470 feet; and the height of the cornice is 100.—The court is about 140 feet square.

† Caserta, the principal palace of the king of Naples, is the production of Vanvetelli, an architect of great merit, and the last Italian name in that line which can be mentioned.

numerous, all handsomely furnished; but the reflection is striking, that after an extensive tour in France and Italy, this is the first royal palace we have found *furnished*. Versailles, Fontainebleau, the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, the Vatican, Monte Cavallo, Caserta, and Naples, are all plundered and desolate.

The state-apartments are large, well proportioned, and handsomely decorated: but it contains no vast gallery, and no instance of superior magnificence. The Sala de los Embaxadores, is the finest room of the whole, but it is not particularly striking; indeed the grandeur of this palace entirely consists in the continued suite of handsome and well-furnished apartments. Its principal and most valuable ornaments are its pictures; of which it contains a noble collection. The glasses of St. Ildephonso, and porcelain wares of the Madrid manufactory, decorate some of the rooms. Paris clocks, and others made at Madrid, are placed for ornament on some of the chimney-pieces; we did not however fail to observe above a dozen sturdy kitchen-clocks from London, received for use into different apartments. Among the pictures are some excellent Titians!! Two old men, by Velasquez!! Christ betrayed, by Rubens! Silk-spinners and peasants at the vintage, by Velasquez!!! Charles V. in his old age, in armour, on horseback, by Titian! Mercury and Argus, by Titian! Philip II. by Velasquez, a most admirable and characteristic portrait!!! Two pictures from Saints' histories, by Murillo, well painted, but without dignity! Sketches, by Rubens! Mengs has done a great deal in this palace - pictures, pannels, and ceilings. The Descent from the Cross, is the finest work I have seen of this artist; the Virgin in Tears, and the Dead Christ, could not be better: yet among his paintings here, we have instances of insipidity and stiffness; and his general fault of finishing too highly is almost always discernible. This palace has no gardens, and the view from its windows stretches far over the barren plains of Castile; the few trees which fill the hollow where the scanty Manzanares flows, are the only verdure in the prospect. No wonder that the green retreat of Aranjuez is the daily topic of wonder and admiration.

The Spanish bull-fights are certainly the most extraordinary exhibition in Europe; we were present at one of them this morning. The amphitheatre is just without the Puerta di Alcalá; a very mean building for the metropolitan seat of the national amusement. The places were nearly all filled at half past nine, and at ten the corregidor came into his box; upon which the trumpets sounded, and the people rose and shouted; not I believe from affection towards Senor Don Juan di Morales Guzman y Tovar, but from delight that the shew was to begin im-

mediately: after this the mayor of the alguizils, and two of that body, in black dresses, long wigs, Spanish hats and feathers, with a guard of cavalry, paraded the arena. Four men in black gowns then came forward, and read a proclamation, enjoining all persons to rest in their seats: upon their going out, the six bulls which were to be fought this morning were driven across, lead on by a cow, with a bell round its neck. The two piccadores now appeared, dressed in leathern gaiters, much padded about the legs, thick leathern breeches, silk jackets, covered with spangles and lace, and caps, with nets and tails behind, surmounted by broad-brimmed white hats: each rode a miserable hack, and carried in his hand a long pole, with a goad at the end. As soon as they were prepared, a door was opened and the first bull rushed in. We were soon undeceived as to the prevalent notion, that, from dexterity and other safeguards, the Spanish bull-fight is no longer a service of much danger: in the course of the contest I felt first alarmed for the men; then for the horses, having witnessed the adroitness of the one, and the sufferings of the other: soon the accidents of the men withdrew my pity from the beasts, and latterly, by a natural and dreadful operation of the mind, I began to look without horror on the calamities of both. The manner of the fight is thus:—the bull rushes in, and makes an attack severally upon the piccadores, who repulse him, he being always upon these occasions, wounded in the neck; after a few rencounters he becomes somewhat shy, but at the same time, when he does rush on, he is doubly dangerous. He does not as before turn aside when he feels the goad, but endeavours to conquer it; he follows up the attack, and frequently succeeds in overthrowing both horse and rider. When this happens, the attendants run up to carry off the latter, and, if possible to draw away the bull (by means of red cloaks) from the horse, which generally receives fatal wounds before he can rise up again. As long as the horse has strength to bear the piccador, he is obliged to ride him. This morning one of these wretched animals was forced to charge with his guts hanging in festoons between his legs! His belly was again ripped open by the bull, and he fell for dead; but the attendants obliged him to rise and crawl out! This seems the cruelest part of the business: for the men almost always escape, but the blood and sufferings of thirteen horses were exhibited in the short space of two hours: four men were hurt; one, who was entirely overturned with his horse upon him, was carried out like a corpse: but the spectators, totally disregarding this melancholy sight, shouted for his companion to renew the attack: another was overset against the partition-boards; a third had his horse and himself so completely tossed over, we thought he must inevitably be killed, but he saved him-

self by crossing his hands behind his head. The horses are all blinded, and their tameness under their agonies is astonishing. A rider never throws himself off till the horse is past recovery; he then falls on the opposite side from the bull, so that the horse acts as a sort of fortification to him. The bull, after his first rage and subsequent fury during many rounds, begins to feel weakness, and declines any further attacks on the horsemen; he even retreats before them: upon this a loud shout re-echoes through the theatre, and some of the attendants advance and stick his gored neck full of arrows, which cause him to writhe about in great torment: one this morning nearly overleaped the barriers. When the efforts he makes under these sufferings have considerably spent his strength, the corregidor makes a motion with his hand, and the trumpets sound as a signal to the matador to dispatch him. This is a service of great skill and bravery; for though the bull may have no inclination to attack the horsemen who have goaded and wounded him, his madness prompts him to destroy every one else. The matador advances with a red cloak in one hand and a sword in the other; he enrages the bull with the cloak, which in case of a failure assists his escape; at length getting opposite, the bull rushes forward and the sword pierces his spinal marrow, or what is more common, is buried to the hilt in his neck, upon which he turns aside, at first moaning, but a torrent of blood gushes from his mouth, he staggers round the arena, and falls; the trumpets sound, three mules ornamented with ribands and flags appear to drag the wretched victim out by the horns, and the horsemen prepare for the attack of a fresh animal.

In the evening the shew began at half past four, and ten bulls were brought forward; but the sport was not reckoned so good as in the morning; only two Andalusian bulls appeared, the rest were Catalans, who, being accustomed to feed in the same pastures as horses, do not like to attack them. Many of these, after entering, stared at the piccadores and kept aloof: to tame them, (as they had not been brought down by bleeding or exercise) before the matador approached, a new expedient was resorted to, most infamously cruel, namely, the covering the darts with sulphur and fire-works; the torments of these were so dreadful, that the animals, whose strength was fresh, raged about terribly, and the assistants were forced to use great agility to get from them. There were several hair-breadth escapes; one of the animals in pursuit of a man leaped the barrier of the arena, which is about eight feet high. Their strength by such efforts being gradually exhausted, they at last yielded to the dagger of the matador. The two Andalusian bulls made up for the others: in the first round a horse was killed, and the piccador was thrown

forwards and disabled. But the second Andalusian was still more furious, and made more tremendous attacks. In one of these he pinned the man and horse against the barriers, got his horns under the horse, and lacerated him dreadfully; in a moment afterwards he lifted him up, and threw the man with such force through one of the apertures (made for the escape of the attendants when pursued by the bull) as to kill him on the spot. He was borne past the box in which we were, with his teeth set, and his side covered with blood; the horse staggered out, spouting a stream of gore from his chest. The remaining piccador renewed the charge, and another came in with shouts to take the dead man's place. One of these had his horse's skin dreadfully ripped off his side, and when he breathed the entrails swelled out of the hole, to prevent which the rider got off and stuffed in his pocket-handkerchief. It was too plain to escape observation, that the men fought shy after the horrible accident of this evening. They have tin casings to their legs under the padding of their gaiters, the saddles rise before and behind in the ancient manner, and the stirrup is a sort of iron box for the foot. The amphitheatre was better attended in the morning than after dinner.

We were attracted this evening to the theatre de los Canos by the revival of *La Buscona* (the Female Sharper), a comedy of Lope de Vega, altered and modernized. We found a very numerous audience assembled, who were throughout remarkably attentive. The play was well got up in all the respects of performers, dresses, and scenery; it contained no buffoonery, and and there was less laughter than I expected: but when a burst took place, it was loud and general. The plot of the piece was a good deal after the English fashion, though with fewer incidents. The chief characters were a lover with a comic servant, and a woman (*La Buscona*) who makes love, and disappoints another of her sex. There were five acts, and each act had its unity of scene: it lasted about two hours and a half, and was followed by a *tonadilla* (a duet) and *saynete*, which is a bad imitation of French dancing. The respectability of the performance of this evening, and the numbers and attention of the audience, shew that the drama has its admirers even at Madrid; yet the state of this amusement in the metropolis is very disgraceful to the national taste, which seems to look for no other gratification than what is afforded by bull-fights and religious mummeries.

21st. We walked this morning about a quarter of a mile from Madrid to the Puente de Segovia, and from an eminence beyond it surveyed what is esteemed the finest view of the city. Madrid can only claim magnificence in two quarters, namely, the Prado

and the Calle di Alcala, the breadth of this street, and its advantageous situation on the slant of a hill, give it a very striking appearance*. The town in general is composed of brick houses, which are often plaistered over. They are seldom higher than those in London, and do not seem to be built with any great solidity. Many of the public edifices are of plain stone, but where architecture is attempted, it is always of the worst kind. The shops are mean, but not ill-supplied with the articles they sell. The grandees of Spain live in hotels in every respect inferior to those of the upper ranks in France and Italy; and indeed, are often smaller than the common houses of our nobility in London. The large palace of the duke of Alva must of course be excepted, which is four stories high, has twenty-seven windows in front, and seventeen on the side; and is, after the king's palace, the largest building in Madrid; it stands near the Prado, distinct, and walled round: the marks of fire and destruction are on it. It has been twice burnt by the mob; and the duchess now lives like her peers in the Calle di Alcala.

The duke of Medina Celi, who is the oldest title, and before the rise of the Prince of Peace, was the richest subject in Spain, has an immense house, without architecture, which not being more lofty than the common buildings in Madrid, has the appearance of a long street of houses. The palace of the duke of Grenada is more ancient: it is built of brick, two stories high, and though somewhat larger, is not unlike Winchester-House at Chelsea. Every window in the town hangs out linen and mat blinds, which form a principal feature in its prospects.

The two best general views of Madrid, are from the terrace near the Buen-Retiro, and from the high ground near the bridge of Segovia. In the former you have the foreground of the Prado, and in the latter the trees about the river and the new palace.

The great peculiarity of this metropolis, is its numberless little spires; at a distance they are insignificant, but on a nearer prospect they have a striking and very picturesque effect. We counted in the view from the bridge of Segovia, above seventy of them. Looking at the city on this side, notwithstanding the adequate splendour of the palace, which makes up about one fourth of

* This prospect is well described in the following lines:

Que á lo léjos campéa
Ya la Adnana Real, fabrica altiva
Que corona y remata
La varia perspectiva
De Agnella immensa Calle, enyo espacio
En un snave declivio se dilata,

the line of building in the prospect, we can hardly believe it to be the residence of the court, and the seat of government of so vast an empire. But the dulness and want of magnificence of Madrid, arises more from private, than from political causes; and is rather to be attributed to the apathy and unenterprising genius of the Spanish nobles, than to the absence of trade, or the poverty of individuals.

CHAP. VII.

ST. ILDEFONSO.—OLD CASTILE.—SEGOVIA.—CATHEDRAL.
—ALCAZAR.—AQUEDUCT.—GUADARAMA MOUNTAINS.
PARK OF THE ESCURIAL.—THE CONVENT.—THE CA-
SA REALE.

21st. **W**E set out this evening in a coach with seven mules, to gratify our curiosity at St. Ildefonso, Segovia, and the Escorial. The evening was pleasant, but the night became cold as we approached the Guadarama mountains. Having rested two hours in a venta at their feet (five leagues and a half from Madrid), at four o'clock we began to ascend by an excellent road: the hills are on this side bleak and barren, often shewing excrescencies of rock, and in many places covered with large patches of snow; after passing the highest part which the road traverses, we descended into a vast chasm or valley, entirely clothed with a forest of pines; fine trees, and assuming more fantastic shapes than any I have seen before. The road continues to wind, among grand views of woods, hills, and snow, towards a lower rock, where the royal seat has been built: in our way to it, we passed several groves of sapling oaks made by the king; but the approach to St. Ildefonso is totally without grandeur or dignity. A narrow avenue leads at once to the antique façade of the palace; the effect of this is peculiar and striking, and well accords with the ideas the imagination forms of an old Spanish palace. In the centre is the church, with a dome and spires; and on each side, long wings of brick stretch forward, low, but extensive. We breakfasted at a neat posada, (Fonda de los Caballeros), and proceeded to inspect the apartments and gardens.

The palace contains no fine rooms or furniture, but has a numerous collection of pictures and statues. The queen's apartments are a suite of small rooms, which have lately been decorated with the best efforts of the paper manufactory of Madrid: in general, in ornamental compartments, and in some of them are imitations of drawing in Indian ink; the taste and execution of them advance as high as any thing of the sort I have seen any where. The rest of the apartments in the same story, have their white

walls hung with pictures; principally family portraits, which are stiff and ill done. Indeed the whole collection is very indifferent, though it contains some works of the great masters: among these is the portrait of our Charles I. by Vandyke, which has been greatly damaged. We remarked a highly finished French picture of Louis XIV. when duke de Berri, full of the expression of feeble mildness. There are also indifferent portraits of Louis XVI. Philip II. and V. and Charles III.

The principal rooms have London clocks, like those we observed in the new palace of Madrid.

On a table in the bed-chamber of one of the infantas, we saw a representation of the nativity in wax, with two large altar candles on each side; and in the anteroom a confession-box is placed near the door. Below stairs, (the palace is only two stories high) is a long suite of unornamented rooms, with white plaister walls, in which the celebrated collection of statues is arranged. Here I experienced a greater disappointment than in the pictures, having heard much more of them. The gallery would hardly support a comparison with any one of the Roman palaces. It has, however, a few fine things. The groupe of Castor and Pollux, as it is called, is well known by the numerous casts dispersed throughout Europe; it is pleasing and graceful, though I think it has been too much praised. A fawn has considerable merit; we also admired a statue which is like, but inferior to that which bears the name of Cleopatra, at the Louvre. Danaë, the mutilated remains of the muses, with beautiful drapery, and Faith veiled, are all worthy of praise. There is a good bust of Gordian; and an altar, handsomely sculptured, which is supposed to have contained the ashes of Caligula. A bas-relief of a head, with the name Olympia under it, has a very mild pleasing expression. The rest, among which are several modern works, are below mediocrity. In the bust room is a collection of Egyptian deities in black basaltes; and a statue of Abundance, who is represented in an advanced state of pregnancy.

The front of the palace next the garden has been modernized with larger windows, and four "slices" of Corinthian columns; but no grandeur has been accomplished: indeed, it would have been nearly impossible to have produced much effect from this long brick building, only two stories high. The gardens are said to have cost seven millions, from the barrenness of the spot, and the distance from whence the new earth was brought. Some persons have compared them with those of Versailles, which, though detestable to the eye of taste, must certainly be allowed to be the perfection of stiff French gardening. Indeed they are not only the perfection, but, I believe, the sole effort of the kind, that has any claim to magnificence and grandeur of effect. There

is no medium! Without vastness of extent and ornament, which are accompanied by the ideas of great labour and extent, this style falls at once into a contemptible mixture of dulness and meanness. The gardens of St. Ildefonso have a number of fountains, and a stair-case for a cascade; but the only pleasing part of it (for it has shady and pleasing walks), is where you get out of sight of these, and see, "while the dog star rages," through the overhanging trees, the side of the mountain patched with snow. It was not very cool at twelve o'clock, the day being remarkably calm; but every gale that breathed, partook of the snowy influence of the mountain. The fountains are situated in centres, whither the straight walks tend: they are all inferior in size to the largest at Versailles; but one of them, a figure of Fame, is said to raise water higher than any in Europe. But with regard to fountains, it is the column of water they raise, and not the height to which a slender stream can be squirted, that renders them stupendous or beautiful; and on this account, those of St. Peter's, and the Fontana di Previ, at Rome, have been preferred before all the *jet-d'eaux* in the world. The gardens are not more than two miles in circumference. Many of the flowers were now in bloom; indeed, the king almost meets a new spring, when he seeks refuge here in July; and notwithstanding the want of extent, brilliancy, and magnificence, he must consider this shady retreat in the mountains of Guadarama, as supplying him with more real pleasure than half the appendages of his crown. The glass manufactory of St. Ildefonso has produced much larger glasses than any other in Europe; but they are complained of as being of a dead and black colour.

The road to Segovia, the tower of whose cathedral we already discovered, is over a slanting plain, which is excellent for sheep pasturage; having left the mountains behind, we entered on a flat and open country.

The face of Old Castile presents an arid appearance, very seldom variegated by groves of pines.

Segovia is a little city, with three prime curiosities; a perfect Roman aqueduct, a Moorish castle, and a large cathedral, besides a shew of antiquity in almost every street. As we entered we observed a new amphitheatre for bull-fights, building principally, no doubt, for the court of St. Ildefonso; and a battery, a place of exercise for the cadets of artillery, whose school is established in the Alcazar. The suburb is almost as large as the city; we passed through it eagerly, had a glimpse of the aqueduct, entered the gates, and soon after landed at the best inn we have seen in Spain: it is built round a large court, with galleries supported on ancient pillars. We lost no time in beginning with the antiquities: the cathedral came first, a building which would puzzle any connoisseur in Gothic archi-

ecture extremely, being a piece of modern Gothic of the 16th century; it is large and lofty, with an high tower and little domes, retaining in its outline much of the Gothic character, but very plain and unlike any particular style of that species of building, and perfectly dissimilar to the florid manner which obtained in England during the 15th century.

The Alcazar, situated on a small rock, next the river, at the end of the town, is the most picturesque object in the world. The great tower has been lately cleaned, which rather modernizes its appearance; but the effect of the whole mass of turrets, chambers, and spires, as viewed from behind, beyond the foss, is as romantic as possible. The front of the castle is covered by rings worked in the plaister with which it is covered, an ornament of Moorish origin. We visited three chambers within, which are well worthy of notice for their splendour and peculiarity; the roofs having been gilded by order of Ferdinand and Isabella, who kept their court here at the time when the first gold arrived after the discovery of America: one of them we could not see perfectly, on account of a false ceiling which is suspended below it; but it appeared to be very magnificent, though in a heavy taste. The second is perfectly beautiful; the pattern is Moorish, and consists of twisted and plaited bands, such as are seen in the illuminations of korans, and on the capitals of Moorish columns. Nothing can surpass the splendour and gracefulness of the effect. The third chamber has a rich roof, with flowers in compartments; beneath which, round the sides, are magnificent gilt niches, containing the figures of the kings and queens of Castile till the time of Ferdinand. The room is large and sumptuous, and the splendour and admirable preservation of the gilding remarkably striking. Here are some models of Figueras and other fortifications; and two excellent likenesses of the present king and queen. Beyond this room is a passage with a hanging gilt roof, in the Moorish style. We were shewn the room where the cadets dine, and the kitchen. At length the iron grate and internal door of the great tower were unlocked, and we ascended, looking at every story into prisons rendered famous by the fictions of La Sage. The great tower is surrounded at the top by hanging turrets; from its leaden roof we reviewed the city by the splendid tints of sunset; it is an interesting spot, but the country around it is bleak and desolate; and without being in the melancholy humour of Gil Blas, I must perfectly subscribe to his opinion of the prospect. *L'Eremané me parut qu'un ruisseau; l'ortie seule et le chardon paroient sur ses bords fleuris; et la prétendue vallée délicieuse n'offrit à ma vue que des terres, dont la plupart étoient incultes.*

June 23. We this morning surveyed the celebrated aque-

duct of Segovia, which stretches across the suburbs to the higher ground on which the city stands. It consists of two ranges of arches; the lower very lofty, and about twelve feet wide. When seen in profile, it is particularly striking; but Swinburne could not have reflected, when he preferred it to the Pont du Garde. Aqueducts, independent of their situation, attain magnificence from their extent, the grandeur of their arches, and the massiveness of their materials; in all these respects, this work is inferior to the famous remain of the south of France. The arches are narrower, and the granite, though of a grey colour, is divided into too many small parts to produce an equally striking effect. The upper stories of the houses of Segovia, project over the lower, and are supported by ancient pillars, made in a barbarous taste, with capitals carved into leaves, flowers, animals, &c. which might probably have been prevalent when Ferdinand kept his court here in the 15th century. Several of the churches of this city are built in a manner resembling our Saxon style. On leaving the town we traversed the wide sheep-walks in the neighbourhood; across which, the towers of the cathedral, and the roofs of the Alcazar, were to be discerned for a long time. To the left, we observed the cadets practising manœuvres according to the French system, with the flying artillery, which has lately been introduced. At length we arrived at the Venta di San Rafael, at the foot of the Guadarama mountains, where we obtained an indifferent dinner; and afterwards ascended among groves of sapling oaks and pines, though we observed that the greater part of these hills are bleak and without trees. Pillars are placed at certain distances, to shew the direction of the road when the ground is covered with snow in winter. We passed the summit, where a statue of a lion is erected, and descended into a pleasant valley full of verdure, and ornamented with trees, which afforded a striking contrast to the barren face of Old Castile. In this pleasant spot, surrounded with pastures, stands the poor and dirty village of Guadarama, which gives a name to the mountains. Passing this, where we bought some bread of an old woman, who told us "to live a thousand years," we entered the park or chase of the Escorial; a considerable tract, covered with cork, carob, and small oak and ash-trees. It cannot vie either in the beauty, or the picturesque grouping of trees, with an English forest; but it has a fine wild look, especially where the mountains come into the prospect. We observed several herds of deer, and a large wolf was seen by the muleteers. As we approached the nook in which the convent stands, the trees and verdure gradually left us.

It was late when we arrived; our curiosity for the present therefore was rather excited than gratified, by the appearance

of some dimly-seen towers, and a dome rising over the little town, where we found a very comfortable posada. The bell of the monastery roused us after dinner, and we made a moonlight expedition to see this famous structure. We reached it through a narrow and dirty street, and our eyes wandered over a vast expanse of dull unornamented buildings; but we returned fully assured, that we should be better pleased in the morning.

24th. *The Escorial*.—Eight o'clock found us surveying the exterior of this celebrated edifice, which, after all the puffs of the Spaniards, and the boasts of travellers, must be confessed to be nothing more in appearance, as well as reality, than a vast dull convent; and if the four towers at the corners, and the dome, which is not more considerable than those to be seen in the smallest towns in Italy, were to be removed, it would have the look of a great barrack or manufactory.

The walls of grey granite are perforated with thousands of little windows; and no ornament is attempted, except about the chief entrance, where some clumsy half columns of the Doric order are plaistered against the building. A square form is the worst that can be chosen for a building of expence and grandeur; but the extent of this fabric is not only wasted and lessened to the eye, by the adoption of this shape, but a great part of its structure is entirely hid, from its having been modelled in the figure of a gridiron, to gratify the caprice or superstition of Philip II. The only place from whence an idea can be gained of its vast extent, is from the mill above it, where all the roofs are perfectly visible. It has been characterised with great justice, as a quarry above ground. The buildings here compacted together in a lump, would, if stretched into a line, or formed into a body with wings, have even now astonished, by their extent, a traveller who had visited other countries. We must account for the excessive admiration of the Escorial, by considering the era in which it was constructed, when Versailles, St. Peter's, and many other vast fabrics of later times, were as yet unknown to Europe.

Passing the great gate we entered an oblong court, not very large, having the front of the church at the end of it, ornamented with some half columns of the same order as the entrance; with the further addition of some wretched statues of the kings of Israel. The church itself is a plain solid fabric, of considerable grandeur; the strength with which it is built, and indeed the whole of that edifice, which is composed of Guadarama granite, is amazing. The Doric pilasters within the church are fluted; but the painted ceilings of Luca Giordano, &c. little accord with the solidity and plainness of the structure. All the cupboards of the

treasure and relics were open to-day, it being the festival of St. John the Baptist. The choir, as is common in Spanish convents, is raised above the door. The grandest objects which present themselves upon entering the church, are, the high altar, and the monuments within its precincts; these have indeed a very striking effect: the altar-piece consists of the four orders of architecture, erected according to the taste of the time one over the other, richly carved, with paintings between them. On each side of the sanctuary in which this is placed, are the cenotaphs of Charles V. and Philip II. on which the kneeling figures of those monarchs and their families are represented as large as life, dressed in gilt robes, with their faces devoutly turned to the altar. The friar appointed by the king for the purpose of attending strangers, carried us through the church, and the other parts of the convent; he at first took us to the upper cloister, where the finest part of the whole building is discovered: from its windows we looked into a court, called *El Patio de los Evangelistas*, which is perfectly regular, and has an air of considerable grandeur. The architecture is not unlike the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, but the effect of this is more striking, from its extending round the four sides of the court. The collection of paintings distributed in different parts of this convent, is sufficient of itself to reward a journey to Madrid. Raphael shines here in more than usual pre-eminence: after him Vandyke and Rubens have high claims on our admiration, as well as a number of other masters, whose names and works I will notice as shortly and distinctly as I am able.

The Upper Cloister—Contains many paintings by Luca Giordano; they are not, however, entitled to much praise: in ceilings this artist is sufficiently clear, brilliant, and pleasing; great force and expression are not particularly required; but in his easel pictures he necessarily aims at these, and falls unfortunately into an extravagance, which reminds me of some of the worst efforts of Spagnolletto, though without his strength of light and shade. The Murder of Innocents is the best of Luca Giordano's labours in this convent, and the Ass in his picture of Balaam seems absolutely to speak! An Holy Family, by a Spanish artist called Mudo, from his being dumb, is painted with some vulgarity, but with great expression! Lot and his Daughter, by Guercino! Jacob and his Flock by Spagnolletto!!

Two Chambers—Contain a Virgin and Child, in a very free and admirable style, by Leonardo da Vinci!!! The same subject by Raphael!!! A Crucifixion, with considerable spirit, by Albert Durer!!! Saviour's Head, as highly finished as possible, by Leonardo da Vinci!!! Virgin and Child, by the same!

The Chamber of the Prince of Asturias.—A portrait of Philip II. by Pantoja, which is unlike the celebrated picture of Velasquez, in the palace at Madrid; but it probably is a more exact resemblance, as Pantoja was contemporary with his subject. There are in the same room good likenesses of the King and Queen, and a picture of a Monk writing, by a Spanish artist.

The Anti-room to the Treasury—contains a large Allegory, by Titian, which has some fine parts! and a dead Christ, by the same master!

The Cabinet or Treasury—is full of miniature wonders and curiosities. The miniature Nativity, attributed to Buonarotti, is clearly designed, but inexpressive. A small ivory head of Christ, ascribed to the same, is excellent! Miniature of the Virgin and dead Christ, on marble, by Annibal Caracci!! a companion (a Monk and Vision) by the same! A rich Cross, ornamented with an immense topaz. The Body of one of the Innocents murdered by Herod, in a glass case: this seems rather to have been a foetus than a child of two years' growth, as our guide asserted. Another remarkable relic is also preserved here, namely, one of the Vases presented to Christ by the three kings. We were shewn also a MS. parchment book on Baptism, and an autograph of St. Augustin.

A very solemn mass, accompanied by a fine organ, began as we were descending into

THE ANTI-SACRISTY AND SACRISTY,

where the monks were robing themselves to make a grand procession into the church. Here we remarked St. Peter and Paul, by Spagnoletto! A Madonna, by Andrea del Sarto! Christ disputing with the Doctors, by Rubens!! and St. Jerome, by Vandyke!! The altar-piece of the sacristy is a representation of Charles II. of Spain kneeling before the Host at the Fête Dieu. The King, the Nobles, the Priests, &c. are all portraits. It is an excellent painting, the work of Paulo Coello, a Portuguese, who has some others of considerable merit in the church!!! But it is hardly fair for these or any other pictures to be hung in the same apartment with two of the best efforts of the inimitable Raphael, in which he seems almost to have surpassed himself, and arrived at the highest perfection of the art. The paintings I allude to are, the Visitation of the Virgin!!!! and the Madonna de la Perta!!!! which was purchased, with some others of Charles the First's collection, in England, for 40,000l. by the ambassador of Philip II. I will enlarge further on these interesting subjects, when I have mentioned the other famous Raphael in possession of this convent.

In an interior room there is an highly worked *ciborium* of
TOUR IN SPAIN.]

gold and precious stones.—We now began to discover, that whatever were the merits of our reverend *Cicerone*, he could not have been selected from the brotherhood for his taste or knowledge in the fine arts; he carried us immediately from these glorious Raphaels into

THE LOWER CLOISTER,

where he shewed us some wretched daubings, by Romulo Cincinnato, upon which he dwelled for a considerable time, and told us that we should esteem ourselves particularly fortunate; for had it not been a festival, the shutters which inclose them would not have been open. The great staircase which ascends from the cloister, is built of massive granite; but it is neither remarkable for its beauty or grandeur. The roof is painted with representations of the Battle of St. Quintin, the Building of the Escorial, and the Apotheosis of Philip II. executed in a brilliant and pleasing manner by Luca Giordano. From this we proceed along a number of passages, from whence we had views into the smaller and more dreary courts of the Gridiron Building, and after many turnings and windings arrived at the door of the library. This is a large apartment, in which the ceiling makes as great a figure as the books; it is coved and painted; but it is too much of an arch to accord in proportion with the walls of the room. The printed books are here arranged on shelves, which abound, as usual, with folios of scholastic divinity. The MSS. are kept in a chamber above. The catalogue of those in the Latin and Greek languages has long been known to the world; and an account of the remains of the invaluable Arabic collection which escaped the fire of 1671 (at which time the greatest part were consumed), was edited about thirty years ago at the expence of the court, by the learned Casiri. Europe is not therefore, as is frequently asserted, entirely without light respecting the treasures of this celebrated deposit; and the plan of gradually translating the Arabic works, is still carried on by the government.—The Treatise on Agriculture, written by an Arabian of the twelfth century, which is mentioned by Gibbon*, has lately been published: it contains much curious matter, and shews that the mode of irrigation which promotes the astonishing fertility of the plain of Valencia, has descended to the modern Spaniards, from the practice of the Moors, who probably derived it from Egypt. It were to be wished here, as well as in the Herculaneum MSS. at Portici, that more persons were employed, and that the publications succeeded each other with greater rapidity, that the present generation might have some chance of benefiting from the smothered lights which they have perhaps on

* Hist. vol. v. page 380.

their possession. The convent libraries of Spain are often represented as objects of the greatest curiosity; but I much doubt whether a search into them would tend much to the information of mankind; though the archives of Valladolid, towards which Robertson turned a wistful eye, would throw a strong light on a most interesting part of the History of the World.

The library of the Escorial contains portraits of Charles V. and Philip II. and several models of ships of their age.

We now repassed an hundred passages, descended the stairs, and entered a long room, which is fitted up with an altar and stalls, and was used as a chapel before the great church was finished.

LA IGLESIA VIEJA.

The altar-piece, representing the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, is by Titian, but has not any very distinguished excellence; a Dead Christ near it, by the same master, is of considerable merit; a portrait of Philip II. the same countenance as that in the chamber of the Prince of Asturias, but at a more advanced age; and another of Charles V. by Pantoja, A.D. 1599. Our guide now undrew a curtain, and revealed to us the admirable painting of Raphael, which is known all over Europe by the name of La Madonna de la Pesce!!!! But it was now eleven o'clock, which called him to the refectory; we were therefore hurried away from a spot to which we felt almost rooted, with a promise that he would be ready for us again at two. Having ordered our dinner at twelve, we took a fatiguing walk to the hill above the convent, and round its walls; dined most sumptuously at the posada, and as the clock struck two, were awaiting the friar at the place of rendezvous: he had stationed a person there to inform him of our arrival, who in a few minutes brought him to us, rubbing his eyes and yawning, just awoke from his siesta. He carried us round the upper Cloister into

THE CHAPTER-ROOM,

and the two adjoining apartments. The ceilings of these are covered and prettily painted with arabesque ornaments: among the pictures we distinguished a Madonna, by Vandyke! Holy Family, by Raphael; the same groupe, but an inferior painting to that in the Louvre gallery!! Conversion of St. Paul, by Palma Vecchio!! Virgin gazing with delight on Christ, by Vandyke!! Dead Christ, with the Virgin and Mary Magdalen, by Reubens: this is one of the finest groupes and finest paintings in the world; the Virgin is quite the *mater dolorum*; her pallid face and agony could not be better expressed; the colour of Christ's flesh is admirable. There can be no doubt that this picture ranks immediately after the three glorious Raphaels in this collection!!!!

The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, expressed naturally, but without much dignity, by Vandyke! a Madonna, by Guido! The Crown of Thorns, by Vandyke! St. Paul's Head, by Guido! St. Peter's Head, by the same! A whole length of St. James, by Spagnoletto! St. Jerome, by Guercino! The sons of Jacob shewing their father the bloody vest of Joseph, full of force and good painting, by Velasquez!! Christ and Peter, by Vandyke!! A Magdalen, by the same!!! St. Roch, by Spagnoletto! St. Sebastian, by the same! The Binding of Christ, by Peligrino Tibaldi, has some good parts! These apartments are used for the levees, and the ministers, when the court is at the Escorial.

We now descended to the Pantheon, the burial-place of the sovereigns of Spain, which is constructed under the church, in the centre of the building; it is approached by a marble passage, on one side of which is a vault, where the bodies are left to decay before they are placed in the sarcophagi which are destined to receive them.—The Pantheon of the Escorial has been absurdly supposed to be a copy of the Pantheon of Rome, whereas no two buildings could hardly be more dissimilar; this being an *octagon* building, entirely of marble: six of the sides have shelves, with sarcophagi on them, each side containing four: the two remaining sides are occupied by the altar and the door, which has two sarcophagi over it: the whole is decorated with pilasters, and carving, but it is too small to justify the magnificent descriptions which travellers have given of it. The kings are to fill one half of the sarcophagi, and the queens the other; seven of the former, and the same number of the latter, among whom is Anna Regina, who the friar told us was our queen Mary, have already gained their stations. Charles III. still remains in the adjoining vault. The present king has visited this place; but it is said the queen has never been prevailed upon to see it. Her character does not, perhaps, lead her to contemplate the idea of mortality with peculiar complacency; and the spot, and the very receptacle of our bones being shewn, must renovate the certainty of death in the most awful manner.

We were permitted for some time to enjoy the three great pictures of Raphael. I was not long in making a preference; and yet, upon turning to the others, my resolution was sometimes staggered. The finest feelings of love and admiration, and almost of adoration, are excited by the inimitable representation of the Visitation. In this picture the Virgin expresses a modesty which cannot be surpassed; and her face glows with a beauty perfectly celestial; as a contrast to this, the aged and finely marked countenance of Elizabeth, adds every effect possible, and her lips are indeed speaking words of high import.

The Madonna della Perla, is far more brilliant in its colour-

ing than either of the other pictures. The leading trait of the last was *modesty*; this has *maternal tenderness*. The Virgin's face is admirably fine, and fully gives the intended expression: the aid of contrast too is, as before, afforded by the figure of Elizabeth, old and haggard, who sits by her side, while the infant Jesus, more beautiful and smiling than I can express, is springing from her arms, to play with John; in fact he appears leaping from the canvass: the effect of light and shade was never more inimitably managed; the light resting on the Virgin's forehead, is finely conceived; and the richness of colouring throughout, adds greatly to the effect of the whole.

The Madonna della Pesce expresses *majesty*. It is a transcendant picture, on a most extraordinary subject: St. Jerome is reading the bible to the Virgin, and has fixed upon that part which relates the adventures of Tobit and the fish; by way of confirming the history, or for some other reason, an angel introduces Tobit with the fish in his hand, who, as may be supposed, is a little frightened to find himself suddenly "in such a presence;" especially as the Virgin assumes any thing but a gracious air to receive him. During this action the child is employed in stretching out his arms to catch the fish as a plaything. This picture has, without doubt, more good points about it, than either of the other two, arising from the greater variety and complication of the subject, and the greater number of figures introduced. The Virgin's face is very fine, but it rather expresses *hauteur* and disdain, than calm and beneficent majesty. The countenance of the angel is the best in the picture; it is perfectly of a "celestial mould." Fear and hesitation are admirably portrayed in the features of Tobit; and a fine contrast is exhibited in the venerable person of Jerome, to the youth and beauty of the other objects. The colouring is excellently managed, and the grouping is admirable, but the subject is awkward, and somewhat worse than uninteresting: in reviewing it, the eye is gratified, while the mind feels confused and disappointed.—As all the subjects are fully accomplished by the wonderful hand of Raphael, I cannot, for an additional point of painting or two, prefer that in which I only admire the painter, to that where, as in the Visitation, his art co-operates with the subject to affect me with the most sublime emotions of intellectual pleasure. It seems extraordinary that as yet we are not possessed of any good engraving of any of those interesting works: that by Bartolozzi, which is published in Twisse's Travels, is miserably deficient in every part of the expression of the original, and seems rather to have been an engraving from a work of Cipriani, than from Raphael. At present a Spanish artist is engaged in preparing plates of them; but excepting

Molés, there is no one upon whose talents any great expectations can be formed.

The friar with difficulty withdrew us from these invaluable treasures; and taking us to his chambers, where he refreshed us with wine, he offered to accompany us to the Casa-Reale, the royal pleasure-house, which is situated in the park of the Escorial, at a little distance from the convent.—The friar's apartment was what the Spaniards call a sala con alcova—a room, with a recess for a bed in it. The windows command a noble prospect of the neighbouring country; immediately beneath them is a wide terrace, ornamented with a garden set out in the old fashion of stiff parterres; and beyond this the eye ranges over a free and extensive park, every where covered with masses of short trees, shewing in several parts, ponds and reservoirs of water, and backed by a bleak ridge of the Guadarama mountains; the whole forming a wild and very grand view, which announces the residence of a monarch much more than any part of the building itself. Accompanied by the friar we descended the hill from the convent, and soon after entered the garden which surrounds the Casa-Reale; it is full of young trees, which, like those at Madrid and Aranjuez, are regularly watered every evening. In other respects, it has nothing remarkable, except the hot-house, which is one of the shabbiest I have ever seen. The exterior of the villa promises nothing either of extent or magnificence; but upon entering we were astonished at the number of rooms it contained, all of which are fitted up in the most elegant and perfect taste. The walls and ceilings are painted after patterns which have an excellent general effect; and the whole house unites an air of comfort with its splendour, which, according to our guide, rendered it an object of envy to every Englishman he had shewn it to. The rooms, excepting two, which are of handsome proportion, are small; the walls ornamented with a profusion of cabinet pictures, the greater part of which are of the Flemish school; in the chief apartments there are several of a larger scale. In the first room, near the entrance, is an admirable portrait of Velasquez, by himself!! and another of Murillo, by himself! a Head, by Moralez, called *El Divino*. I have seen but few of the works of this artist; his finishing is very high, like Carlo Dolce, but he seems deficient in force and expression. A Head, by Vandyke! A Magistrate, by the same, has a fine mellowness of colour, and is one of the best heads I have anywhere seen!!!! An Empress of Germany, by the same!!! A Madonna, by Murillo! the same subject, by the same artist!! These are well painted, but without characteristic dignity. Murillo is an excellent painter; his view of nature seems to have been as true as possible; but of ideal

beauty he had hardly any notion. This judgment is formed from what I have seen at Madrid and the Escorial; but the great treasury of his works, is the Hospital de la Caridad, at Seville, where he painted after his last visit to Rome.—Among the other pictures of the Casa-Reale, I remarked a winged figure of Prodigality, by Mengs! a graceful and pleasing work, though deficient in expression. The Conversion of St. Paul, and Death of Julian, by Luca Giordano, exhibit a boldness which reaches to extravagance; Apostles, copied after Spagnoletto, by Murillo! A Vision, by the same: near this we remarked, as a representation of the most ordinary vulgarity, St. Catherine, by Dominicino!! The Casa is two stories high; the upper rooms form a suite of cabinets or boudoirs, ornamented with the most exquisite elegance: one in particular should be noticed, which contains most beautiful and exact copies in miniature, of all the celebrated paintings of Europe—the Madonnas della Leggiola della Pesce, della Perla; the Transfiguration of Raphael; Guido's Magdalen; the Holy Family, and Notte of Corregio; the Communion of St. Jerome, by Dominicino, &c. &c.: and the adjoining room is fitted up with the celebrated coloured prints from Raphael's Loggia, pilasters, &c.; slabs of Biscay, Arragon, and Grenada marble, are distributed in different apartments, one of which is almost entirely fitted up with specimens from the various quarries of Spain. There are several sea-pieces, by Vernet; one of which was a present from the Gallery of Versailles, and is, perhaps, the finest work of that exquisite master!!! Near it is a Conversion of St. Paul, by Murillo!! One of the apartments is fitted up with medallions, and ornaments of Madrid porcelain; but these are not particularly well executed: the walls of the staircase are painted with the Wars of Grenada, and Surrender of Minorca by the English. In the other rooms we noticed a St. Bruno, by Rembrandt!! St. John, by Murillo! and a Magdalen, in the style of the Italian school, which they attribute to the former master! This delicious retreat, which, though smaller, is to be preferred to the *Petit Trianon* of Versailles, is visited almost daily by the royal family, during their residence at the Escorial in the autumn. Its situation might be improved; but it is agreeable, considering the country, and nothing can be more beautiful and perfect than its internal arrangement and decoration.

As we returned slowly to the Escorial, the friar endeavoured to draw us into a political discussion, for which he proved himself eminently qualified, by mistaking Lord Whitworth for the prime minister of England, thinking London was surrounded by the sea, and that wherever a well was dug in England salt water was immediately found. He spoke of the Prince of Peace, and

said, that it was his opinion that the French had given him that holy and appropriate title, merely to bring the Christian religion into contempt*. The front of the Escorial is turned towards the mountain; the pleasantest apartments therefore are those of the back part of the building, where the handle of the gridiron projects; these all look towards the park, and command the noble prospect I have before described. They are occupied by the court during their residence here; but externally they present the same little windows and monastic appearance as the rest of the buildings. There are stork's nests in almost every stack of chimnies of the Escorial; the breeding of these birds is encouraged by the monks; and their majestic sailing through the air, around the convent, adds greatly to the solemn effect of the scene. There are three hundred Jeromite friars in this assembly: the dress is something like that of the Dominicans, white, with black hoods, &c. but their clean-shaven heads, with merely a slight ring of hair, render them the neatest-looking order I have yet met with. The town of the Escorial, like those of the other *sitios*, is, in the absence of the court, like a place after the plague. There are a few good houses, some of which are unfinished; a long line of building on one side of the convent, is the residence of the ministers, and of those formerly called the ambassadors of the family, that is, of France, Naples, Parma, &c. An hospital for infants is built at the foot of the mountain, opposite the front of the convent; and between these is a dull walk, which serves for a parade during the time the court is here. As usual, there is a place for bull-fights near the town.

Having finished the sights of this interesting but fatiguing day, our muleteer promised to be ready for us at half past twelve the same night: we retired to bed at eight, and at the appointed time found him as good as his word. Soon after our departure we lost our way in the dark; but at half after eight o'clock arrived safely in the metropolis, having performed about twenty-nine leagues (one hundred and sixteen miles), between Tuesday evening and Saturday morning, and seen some of the most interesting objects in Spain.

* The title *Principe de la Paz*, either signifies the Prince of Peace, or the Prince of the Peace; but as it is always understood by the Spaniards in the latter sense, and as our language is capable of the distinction, we should undoubtedly translate it in this manner. It was conferred by the court on the upstart Godoy, who had already arrived at the rank of duke, on the occasion of his making peace between France and Spain, in 1794. The title, however, notwithstanding the opinion of the monk of Escorial, is not new in Spain; for I find, at the beginning of the last century, that the negotiations between the court of Madrid and this country were carried on by the *Marques de la Paz*.

In the evening we attended the theatre De los lanos Peral, a translation of the little French opera *La Visitandine*, was represented. I had seen it performed at the Feydeau, in Paris; but here, on account of the difference of manners, and, I may say, of religion, several essential alterations took place; for instance, the nunnery was changed into a boarding-school, and the humorous character of the Capuchin into a ridiculous physician: it was, upon the whole, well performed, and the fundango followed with its usual spirit.

26th. I saw to-day at the house of the Danish minister two most admirable drawings by Cnype, who is perhaps the first draughtsman in Europe; one of these is composed of an Italian lake, surrounded by a wood, embosomed in which stands the great temple of Pæstum; the whole is infinitely varied and contains several beautiful points: but the other is a piece of the most inconceivable richness; it represents a meandering river, which at length loses itself in the sea: on its banks are ancient tombs, temples, altars, and towns, intermingled with groves of beautiful trees and rocks of the most picturesque form. The aerial perspective is inimitably managed, every tree is a distinct portrait, yet the general effect is beyond every thing I have seen; indeed, I believe there is not a spot so rich and so perfectly romantic to be found among the works of nature.

The hour of dining among the foreign ministers is three o'clock, many of the Spanish nobility dine still earlier; in the evening the gentlemen attend the ladies either in their coaches on the Prado, or to walk in the Botanic Gardens. About ten o'clock different houses are thrown open for the reception of company; balls are given occasionally; but the *tertullias*, which answer in some respects to the *assemblies* of London, take place every evening. A *tertullia* is, however, a more varied and less expensive entertainment than an English assembly: the only refreshment offered is iced-water, which is eat with long spongy cakes. The company in general converse, or play cards, or rouge et noir; and it is not reckoned surprising or ill-bred to read or draw in these circles, but I never met with any instances of such occupations.

The *tertullia* which I attended this evening was an easy and pleasant society, the rooms were now crowded, and conversation (properly so called) was supported by several persons: some Americans and Frenchmen were of the party; the former described the wonders of their country, the fortifications discovered in the forests of America, and the traces of what should seem a former more advanced state of civilization; from thence we got to extinct volcanoes and the lavas of Mount Vesuvius, a topic which exactly suited the Gallic *savans*, and upon which

they did not fail to give vent to all well known plausible, though refuted arguments, till christianity trembled in the scale; at length the Pope's nuncio was opportunely announced, which put an end to the discussion, and the Frenchmen betook themselves to the gambling table.

CHAP. VIII.

ROAD TO TOLEDO.—THE CITY.—FONDA.—LORENZANA.—
BUILDINGS.—EVE OF ST. PETER.—SPANISH ORGANS.—
TREASURES.—ALCAZAR.—LISBON.—CINTRA.

JUNE 26th. **A**T six o'clock in the evening I set forth on my way to Toledo. The horse which was brought for me would probably have been thought unworthy of a Piccador at a bull-fight, and my servant was obliged to bestride another miserable Rosinante with a sore back. On leaving the gates of Madrid, a traveller finds himself as completely in the country, as if he were an hundred leagues from the metropolis. I crossed the Manzanares by the Puente de Toledo, which is the handsomest of the bridges which lead to the city: in passing forwards, I was convinced of the truth of an observation which, I believe, is made by Mr. Dillon, that the land around Madrid, notwithstanding its desert appearance, is almost every where in cultivation; and the city is in fact surrounded by a number of villages which are concealed from the eye by being generally built in hollow places. The great road from Madrid to Toledo is through Aranjuez, a distance of about fifteen leagues; I proceeded by a shorter route across the country, of twelve leagues, which is equal to fifty English miles. At ten o'clock we put up in the venta de Terajon, which afforded me some bad wine and water, and a most suspicious bed.

27th. After tossing uncomfortably for a few hours, on a mattress which sent forth its active miriads to murder sleep, I was called about two o'clock, and soon after proceeded on my journey. A few leagues from Terajon I entered a small town through a perfect, and the first Moorish arch I have seen in Spain. Another village afforded some chocolate for breakfast, but the increasing heat warned me to hasten forwards, as five leagues yet remained. The country now began to get richer, though entirely destitute of trees: when the day cleared, the hills behind Toledo discovered themselves, and I was prepared to admire the romantic situation in which the city is placed. This however, is not seen to advantage in this approach; but how shall I describe my disappointment at the mean and miserable appearance of the city itself! Where are the marks of dignity or splendour? Where are the traces of a royal court, and a proud

nobility? Not a vestige of these is to be discerned in a dreary assemblage of plaister houses, tenanted by monks and beggars.

The situation is not unlike that of Durham, and the full blue river which flows round it, and the green meadows sprinkled with trees on its banks, are very delightful to the eye. At half past eleven I entered the Fonda, a neat and extensive inn, erected by the celebrated Lorenzana, to draw people to Toledo, to visit its antiquities :

This great man, who has been done justice to in the work of Bourgoing, was preferred from the archbishopric of Mexico to the primacy of Spain, and has left the traces of his wisdom and his charity in every part of this desolate city :—he reformed the discipline of the cathedral ; he rebuilt and re-organised the university ; erected on a more extensive scale and in a more healthy situation, the hospital for lunatics ; gave to the public, the best inn in Spain ; and filled the useless Alcazar with the industry of a silk manufactory. From this station, so peculiarly fitted to his disposition, and so ennobled by his virtues, he has at length been dismissed to make room for the nephew of the King and brother-in-law of the Prince of Peace ; a youth about twenty-four years of age, who at present monopolizes the sees of Toledo and Seville, while their former prelates are banished to Rome, where they receive pensions from the king of Spain.—I have been assured of the good conduct of the juvenile prelate, but I find the inhabitants of Toledo are by no means content : he lives always with the court, and comes to the city merely on the great festivals of the church. I mentioned to some of the people, that I had seen Lorenzana : they were eager to hear of his health, and assured me that if he were to return, the whole city to a man, would come out to meet him and welcome him.

The chief boast of Toledo is its cathedral, which is a large and handsome Gothic structure ; it is, however, very inferior to many of our English churches. Being built by Ferdinand the Catholic, it may be considered as one of the last efforts of the Gothic taste in Spain : externally it is irregular, and mixed in its architecture ; the interior is principally striking from its breadth : it is divided into five aisles ; it shews none of the rich features of the contemporary florid style in England, except in the enclosure of the altar, which is adorned with tracery.

Near the cathedral is a large building covered with red plaister, which is the palace of the archbishop : it runs into all sorts of shapes and directions, making a number of small courts, and affording chambers for one hundred and fifty persons, who constitute the prelate's retinue ; it has no enclosure or garden, and is one of the dullest and dirtiest buildings I have ever seen.

We passed through two dreary streets to the Gothic church of

San Juan de los Reyes : the exterior is covered with the chains, fetters, manacles, &c. which were found upon the christian captives when Alphonso IV. took the city.

Nothing can surpass the gloomy dulness of Toledo : in other towns the chaunting of the convents is drowned by the noise and bustle of the streets ; but here it struck me greatly, the desolate silence is only broken by the deep voices of the friars, who are singing masses continually, and in every part. The university is a remarkably neat and convenient building.

The manufactory of swords is carried on about half a league from the town. The palace of Charles V. is in a fine situation, the site of the ancient Moorish Alcazar, but the architecture does not offer any thing to admire.

Before I left Toledo I paid another visit to the cathedral, while vespers were chaunted with music, on the eve of St. Peter's day. The choir is in the centre of the building, and the stalls are finely carved by Porregiano, the pupil of Buonarotti. The singing and music was in the same lively opera style, which I had occasion to remark at Monserrate and other places ; and indeed, the canons seem to consider it in the light of an entertainment, as they frequently talked to each other, and even smiled occasionally. The organ of this cathedral is very fine, and has a strength of tone which is peculiar to the organs of this country. The relics and treasures of this cathedral, have been often described ; and it must be remarked, though the Spanish churches must yield to those of Italy in marble statues, paintings, and taste, yet they infinitely surpass them, especially at present, in gold and siver, precious stones, and valuable ornaments.

JULY 14. We arrived at Lisbon this evening, after a fatiguing journey from Madrid. We rode post horses, which is the most expeditious mode of travelling in Spain. The distance from Madrid to Lisbon, is ninety-eight leagues, viz. sixty-six of Spain, and thirty-two of Portugal. Multiplying these, the one by four, and the other by five, gives the number of English miles, four hundred and twenty-five ; of which, fifteen are water passage, from Aldea Gallega to Lisbon. The country through which we passed, may be generally described as follows :—Castile, before we left it, shewed some few spots superior to its usual bleak and burnt appearance ; and the mountains of Guadalupe make a fine object in the prospect : Spanish Estramadura is a rocky surface, covered almost entirely with a forest of cork trees, and exhibiting in several instances, picturesque views.—Portugal, from Elvas to Cana, is a rich and pleasing country ; from Cana to Lisbon, wild, with shrubs and pines ; a sandy soil : excepting Merida, there is no interesting town on the road, four

hundred and twenty-four miles. The aqueducts of the ancient Ementa Augusta, are fallen into the most beautiful decay, and interspersed with the trees which grow about the river, they form one of the prettiest prospects I have ever seen. We found the inns small and indifferent during the whole journey; though in Portugal they are worse than in Spain. The road is not well kept: it is sometimes stony and narrow, and at others a wide sandy track; the Portuguese road is frequently paved. Of the Spanish post-horses, we generally found two out of the four, very good: these are small, and canter well. In Portugal we seldom found more than one good one out of the five. In Spain the charge each league, is eleven reals and a half the horse, and the postillion expects a pesetta for the same distance. In Portugal, for two horses they charge a dollar or eight testoons a league, and the postillion is paid the same as in Spain. The road from Madrid to Cadiz, alone furnishes post-horses for carriages. The royal post-office at Madrid keeps twenty-eight riding horses; and in every post-house in Spain six are provided, of which two are always ready. In Portugal each post-house has thirteen horses, all ready.

15th. The stink of the streets of Lisbon are a strong antidote to curiosity; but in fact, after a tour in Italy and Spain, there is very little in this city to afford gratification, and excite interest. The situation is certainly fine; but the town wants eminent buildings, and the banks of the Tagus are too tame and barren.—Belem is an interesting object, especially to the antiquary, as it exhibits a species of Gothic architecture which is unknown to the rest of Europe. The monastery was founded by Emanuel I. on the spot where Vasco de Gama received the benediction of the Patriarch, when he sailed on his voyage of discovery. A specimen of a similar sort of Arabesque Gothic, may be seen in the mausoleum erected by the same king at Batalha.

The environs of Lisbon have been much celebrated; and it must be allowed, that Cintra is in every respect worthy the warm tints of description which have been lavished on it. It is a most beautiful and interesting spot: a mountain covered half way up with gardens and villas, and above these, rising into rude and picturesque appearances. The view from Cintra, however, is very bare and disagreeable.

20th. With little regret I embarked on board the packet for England, without seeing more of Portugal; which, from want of splendour in the privileged orders, and want of character among the people, must be reckoned one of the most uninteresting and unpleasant countries in Europe.

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